

Arthur's Magazine deservedly enjoys the reputation of being one of the best moral literary magazines published in America.—*Coburg Sentinel*, C. W.

MARCH,

1865.



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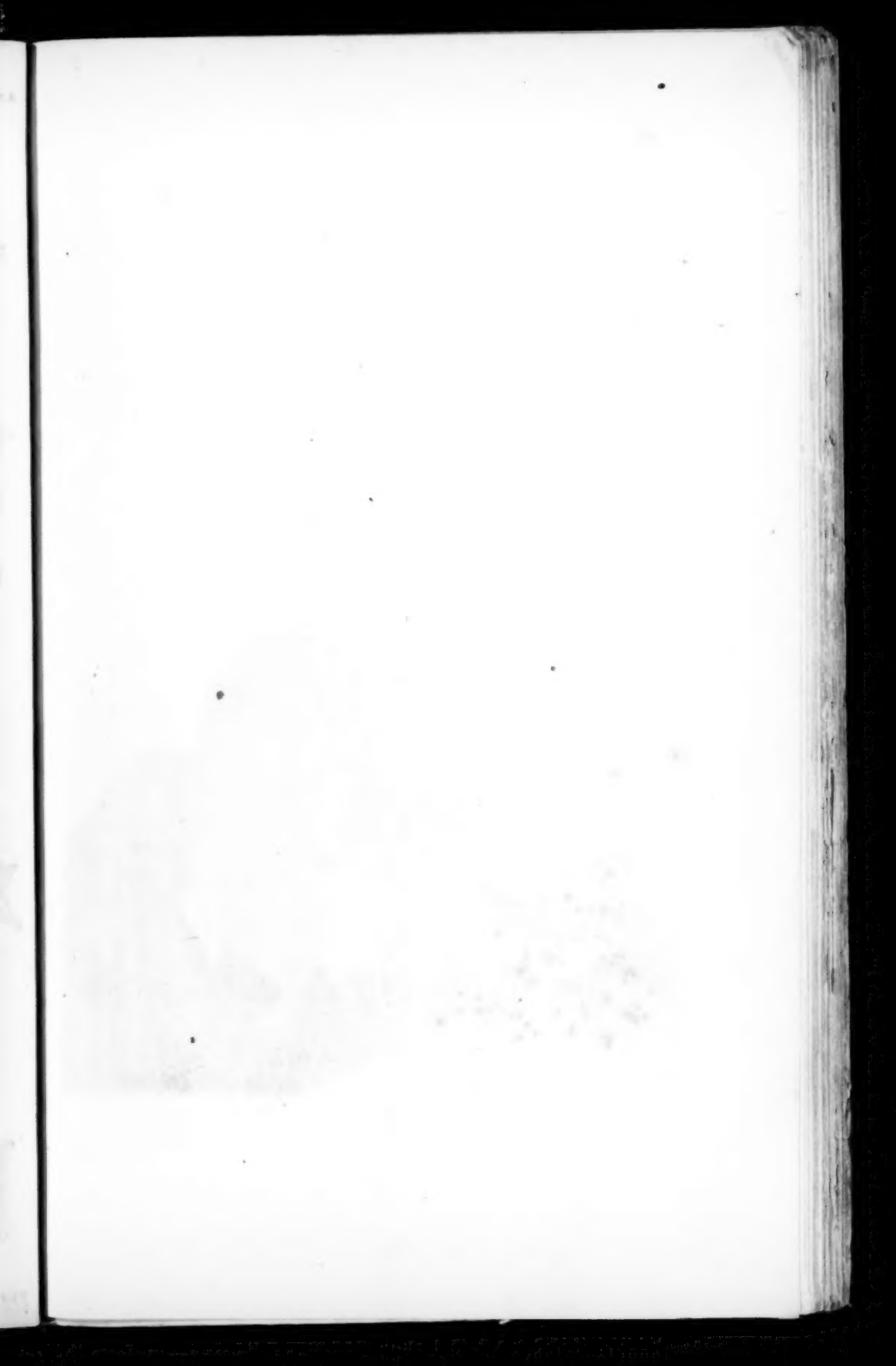
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MY KITTENS.—See page 206.





MY KITTENS.—See page 205.





DRESS COAT STYLE.



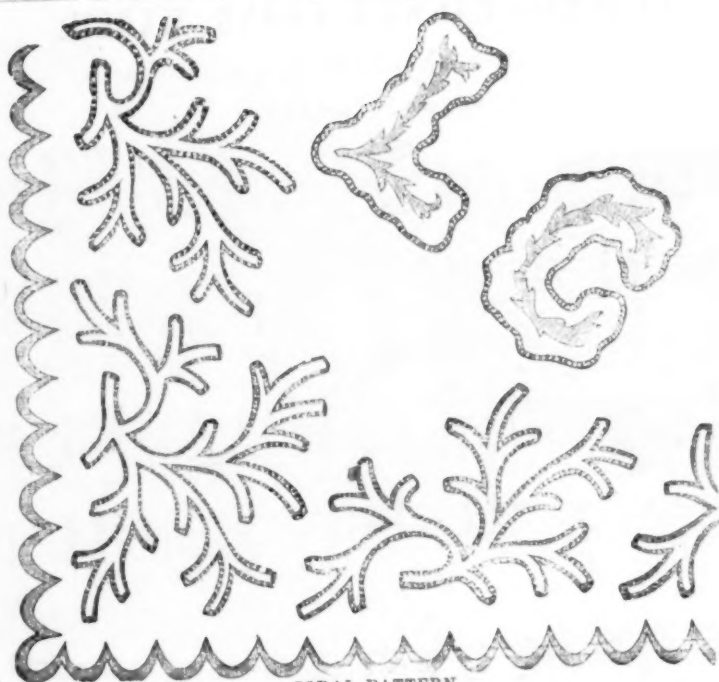
HOME DRESS.



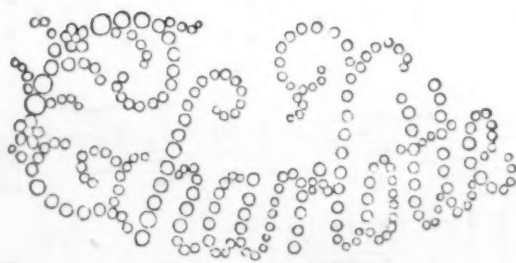
EVENING COIFFURE.



MORNING COIFFURE.



CORAL PATTERN.



NAME FOR MARKING.

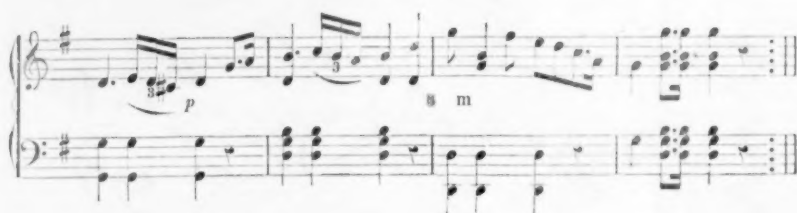


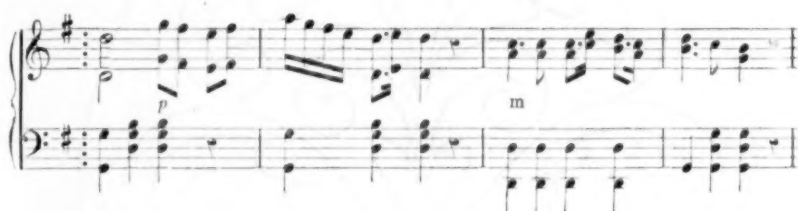
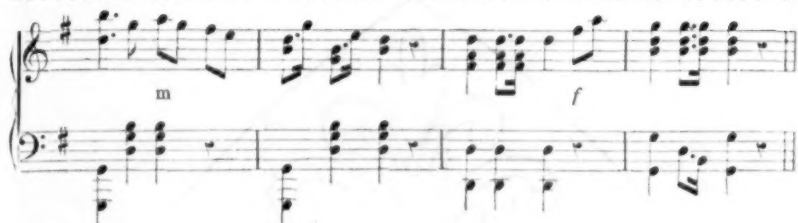
LILY OF THE VALLEY.

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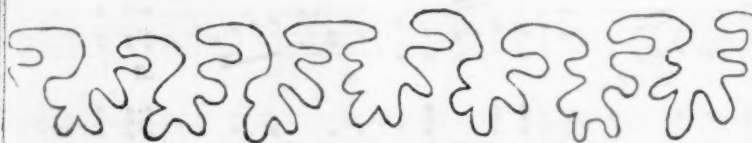
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ARTHUR'S

Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1865.

MRS. RACHEL SCUDDER.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Baggage, ma'am?" said the porter.

She had just stepped from the Hudson River cars, and coming out from the close, warm mephitic atmosphere into the sharp winds from the river, with the bitter November chill in them—coming into the noise, and crowd, and confusion at the depot, with the people harrying, and jostling, and pushing her on every side, her head swam, and for a brief space the whole world seemed to reel and plunge around her. She steadied herself in a moment and considered, doubtfully—

"What will you ask to carry this a couple of miles?"

"Thirty-five cents, ma'am," roared the burly Celt. It was evidently not necessary to waste much politeness here. A poor woman, or a penurious one, always higgling about prices.

Another pause; the little gray, gloved hand tightening over the black handle of the large travelling satchel.

"How far is it to the Broadway omnibus?"

"About a quarter of a mile, ma'am. You can't get along with that." The manner gaining in assertion as the prospect of his securing a customer grew less.

Another pause. The travelling bag was heavy, containing the lady's wardrobe for a sojourn in the city, which might expand into a couple of months. She was tired too, and not strong at the best. But then the little purse, that lay carefully stowed away in some

secret fold of her dress, was not a plethoric one, and the thirty-five cents saved might stand her in stead another time. If she could save it now by walking to the omnibus, there would be no expense in getting it conveyed to her boarding-house.

She would try, at any rate, and she smiled, a little dreary, homesick smile, thinking of the pitiful, sordid economy which the consideration involved; and then she took up the leathern bag, and went on slowly, stopping at short intervals to take breath, and change her burden from one hand to another, and waiting at the crowded street-crossings for a chance to dodge between the long lines of drays, carts, and lumber wagons, and reaching the opposite side with a little shudder of thankfulness, because her limbs were all sound, and asking herself sometimes, in the down sinking of soul and body, which, under the circumstances, was certainly not surprising, why her lot in life was so much harder than that of most people whom she knew.

She was young still, so much so that strangers invariably addressed her as Miss instead of Madam, though years ago, and before she was out of her teens, she had resigned her claim on the former title.

She had been a wife for two years, and it was like looking down into some black gulf of nightmare to remember that time. All the trust and faith of her girlhood—all the sweet hopes and clinging tendernesses of her woman-

hood, swept away in that awful awaking of her life, when the real, moral lineaments of the man whom she was bound by wifely vows to love and honor, disclosed themselves to her.

It is not of that time I have to write, and it is sufficient for the purpose of my story to tell you, that the husband of Rachel Teller was a villain and a brute. An accomplished one, though, else he would never have won the sweet and pure-hearted daughter of the old parson to be his wife.

Her father, with his sincerity and sterling integrity of character, always took men for just what they seemed, and this one was used to dealing with and deceiving keener judges of character than the old minister.

Intelligent, travelled, of attractive presence, of fine tastes and social gifts, this man made for three months his home at the parsonage, taking lodgings and bringing into service every art of which he was master, to win the heart of the motherless girl whose years were just efflorescing into womanhood, under the old parsonage roof.

It would have been strange if he had not succeeded. The man was Rachel Teller's senior in age by a score of years, and she had no knowledge or experience of life outside the little, rambling old country town in which she was born and brought up.

Morris Scudder carried his young wife to the city, in their honeymoon, and as the motives for the restraint which he had imposed on himself no longer existed, he did not long conceal his true character from his wife. He was a dissipated, unprincipled man. The evil that was in him permeated his whole nature.

Accomplished man of the world as he was, he could be coarse, brutal, violent; and in his own home the natural tyrant that was in him developed itself without fear or restraint.

Rachel Scudder was not yet a woman in years, and the knowledge of the awful wreck she had made of her life, bowed her to the earth. Looking back on it now, with the cold shudder of that time creeping over her, she wondered that it did not kill her.

But she was paralyzed—never resisting or disputing the will of her husband, and yielding to his domestic absolutism in all things, as though she had been his bond-slave, during the two years of their wedded life.

At the end of the first one, her father died. She was thankful now that the old man never suspected that his son-in-law was not all that he had seemed during the brief months of their courtship. It would have broken his heart,

and Morris Scudder had approbateness enough to desire to retain the old clergyman's good opinion, and consummate hypocrisy to succeed in it.

Another year went away, worse than the first. Rachel's energies of mind and body were reacting from the blow which had in some sense paralyzed them. In a little while her womanhood would have asserted itself. The cold, creeping terror with which Rachel Scudder had all this time deprecated the tyranny and violence of her husband, would have been superseded by resistance, perhaps fierce, perhaps silent, but none the less resolute because she had been so long goaded into it.

What form this would have taken, he never lived to prove. In a brief absence from home, the man was taken ill, and died among strangers.

It was many weeks before Rachel realized that she was free again, with the old, lost freedom of her girlhood. She never could, of course, go back into that time again. Out of the awful depths of such an experience as this, no woman comes up as she went down.

After all—and that is the saddest thought—it is no new story which I have told. There are just such men as this Morris Scudder in the world, and sometimes they take to themselves wives as pure and lovely, as fine and noble of nature, as this Rachel Scudder—sometimes, I said, thinking there were not in the world many women just like her.

After awhile, though, the cold and darkness slowly slipped away from her life, and something of the old light and warmth came back to her soul. She was young yet; and it is not in the nature of man or woman to be always sad. She tried to put those two years out of her memory, with the thought that he who had so blackened and blasted them for her, stood now with all his sin and shame, face to face with God, and she left him there.

Among the least of Morris Scudder's wrongs, was the deception which he had practised on her, with regard to his fortune. Naturally self-indulgent and extravagant, he always maintained a certain style of living, and never restricted himself in any expenses, while he compelled his wife to exercise the most sordid economy, never allowing her any indulgences of any sort, and denying her in all cases where the world would not be likely to become the wiser, the merest comforts of life. At his death, he left her absolutely penniless.

She would have been utterly without re-

sources had she not possessed the little parsonage, which was the sole property that her father owned at his death, and which his will had left her. His son-in-law had several times asserted his intention of disposing of the "little hamlet," as he contemptuously termed the pretty cottage; never dreaming that his wife was rousing herself to oppose him for the first time, in thus appropriating without consulting her wishes, the only property she possessed, and that fully aware of the spirit her resistance would invoke, she was girding herself at last to defy it, at the cost, if it must be, of her life.

But death settled all that. It was natural enough that the heart of Rachel Scudder should turn towards the old home, where her life had taken its deep roots, and bloomed through the dews and sunshine of nearly a score of years before the storms arose and beat upon it.

So Rachel Scudder went back to the old parsonage, and the friends of her girlhood, sorely broken in heart and health, for a sensitive nervous organization never recovers entirely from such a shock and strain as hers had undergone.

She could not, of course, afford to retain the house for herself; but one of her father's deacons took that, and took her also, into the warmth and shelter of his household. I think nobody who saw the face of Rachel Scudder, as she went out from the old town of her birth-place a happy and loving young wife, and saw her return two years later, orphaned and widowed, a pallid, broken-hearted woman, could fail to perceive that she had passed through some passages of sorrow that went deeper than death. But the green seal of the summer grasses was over her wrongs now, and the wife's lips were as silent as her husband's grave.

Four years Rachel Scudder had been a widow, her heart and hopes recuperating under the kindly roof of her birth, although she carried with her still in eyes and voice some token of the hurt which had gone to the roots of her being; but she was young still as many a maiden when her future of womanhood lies all unsolved before her. At the end of these four years there came suddenly some new interest into the life of Rachel Scudder, one which she finally resolved should take her to the city again, although she had covenanted with herself never to set eyes on it more, when she left it to return home.

"Shall I assist you across, ma'am?" asked

a gentleman at the lady's side, as she stood at the last street crossing, before she should reach Broadway, quite out of breath by this time, and gazing helplessly at the double line of vehicles which blocked the passage. She started, and darted up a half-frightened glance in the speaker's face. It was one to reassure her—a strong, honest, manly face, belonging to one whose years had not yet reached their prime.

"Thank you, sir," with a faint smile, that lost itself in the expression of weariness which now possessed her face. "I can take care of myself, but my carpet-bag has proved too much for me."

The stranger took it up without another word, and the lady followed him through an aperture which just then opened betwixt the vehicles, and without saying another word, he retained the travelling-bag until they reached Broadway, where he signalled an omnibus, deposited the lady inside, and her baggage at her feet.

"You are very kind, sir," she said now, throwing aside her veil, and disclosing a face that the gentleman was quite unprepared to meet, he supposing all this time that he was serving some elderly lady, as the tired, drooping figure in the growing darkness had quite deceived him.

And this was a young face, not beautiful, but a face certainly to interest and please whatsoever eye looked on it, whether of man or woman.

"What are you thinking of, Nathan?" putting down her book suddenly, and looking up in his face with a smile.

"Why, Julia?" rousing himself from his abstraction, and taking the little sweet, thoughtful-faced child, who stood in a sort of demure patience at his side, and setting him on his foot.

"Because I have been watching you at intervals for the last five minutes, and found your face a puzzle. I can't penetrate the thoughts that have possessed it, but they are not altogether pleasant ones."

"Exactly—Phil, my boy, we'll take that trot to Boston, in the space of two minutes—I was thinking about your sex, Julia."

The young blooming matron threw back her head, and laughed a pleasant, amused laugh, that invited you to join in it. "I wonder if all bachelors who are approaching their forties contemplate my sex with that lugubrious aspect?" she said.

"Probably," answered the brother, who appeared to be only slightly infected by her mirth, "when reflections of the same sort regarding your sex engage them; for I was not thinking of women blessed with every circumstance of home and fortune—of women luxuriously reared, surrounded with grace, and sheltered with love—not of sweet, beautiful, indolent apple-blossomy women whose only work in life is to follow the desires of their eyes and hearts, and make themselves attractive to those whose joys and idols they are—in short not of women like yourself, Julia."

She smiled again, this pleasant, blooming matron, sitting with her brother and her child, just after the day had dropped suddenly and sulkily into night, sitting in the drawing-room of her home, about which taste and wealth had lavished every comfort and elegance, and if it was not what the world calls "splendid," this was because the owners had less regard for external display than for some other things. But this time the lady's smile did not condense into a laugh. It stopped short of one, and was even touched with a little seriousness.

"I was thinking, Julia, of women whom life, or birth, or fortune, whichever it is, seems to defeat and defraud—of helpless, delicate girls and women, with all the fine sensibilities and delicate intuitions of their womanhood, who are lonely, unprotected, and struggling in the world for a mere existence, toiling early and late at school-teaching, and all that sort of thing, for mere pittance, such as men, to their disgrace be it told, pay to women for their toil. I think of these, with their limitations and their undeveloped possibilities, and how they labor under all sorts of disabilities, and are imposed upon, jostled, taken advantage of on every side, because there is none to succor or defend them. Ah, Julia, the happy and blessed among your sex, ought to wake up to these things, as you never will, I am afraid."

"Well, what can we do?" asked the lady, serious enough now, but in a half earnest, half helpless tone.

"My dear, a willing heart finds its own way to worthy service. There are ten thousand avenues open to you, if you will only go into the land and possess it; but ease and prosperity make you women indolent and self-centred, and I suspect the only true way of comprehending others' sorrows, is to feel them ourselves."

"But you have never done the latter,"

Nathan, and yet you seem to understand the former."

Only partially, my dear, and at intervals. The circumstance which suggested my thoughts to-night, transpired less than half an hour ago. I had been down town on some business, and coming up to take the omnibus, I saw a woman toiling up Chambers street, with an immense travelling satchel in her hand. Men pushed and jostled her on every side, and it was plain enough she was quite exhausted when she reached the crossing, and stood staring helplessly at the crowd of carts and wagons that blocked her passage. I could make little out of the figure, except that it was small and somewhat slender, and dressed in some dark travelling cloth, and I supposed it belonged to some elderly lady. I presume that some latent instinct of the chivalry which man owes to women impelled me to step forwards and offer to convey her bag across the street. Once hold of it, I didn't relinquish it until I had seated her in the omnibus, and deposited her baggage at her feet. Then she looked up and thanked me, and I had a full view of her face—a young, delicate, finely-moulded face—the face of a lady, if I have any power of reading countenances."

"Do describe it, Nathan," interposed the lady, with a woman's active curiosity.

"I don't know that there were many salient points about it. The eyes were, I should think, a very dark blue, or perhaps brown, with fine, abundant hair—I remember observing that, to suit the eyes, hair of a dead brown, almost black. There was a faint color in the cheeks, with a mouth that was like the brightest scarlet of some wild vine-leaf, through which the frost has run; but the face carried its own story; I knew the heart of that woman had been acquainted with some long sorrow."

"And that is all?" asked Mrs. Davenport.

"Yes, of course, we parted there. But what touched me most painfully, was the very evident fact that this woman—young, delicate, frail, had been tugging that wearisome satchel up from the depot to Broadway merely to save a pittance of thirty-five cents. Just think of it! And women not a bit better than she—not a whit finer or choicer than this one in any quality of heart, mind or person, can ride out daily in their carriages, and waste a hundred or a thousand dollars on some paltry bit of lace, some gauzy coiffure or handkerchief. What a dark providence this difference in human lots is!"

"That is true, Nathan; we don't appreciate

our own blessings," replied the sister of Nathan Douglass, with her face in a shadow of seriousness.

"But the difference falls the hardest and heaviest upon women," resumed the gentleman. "We men can elbow and jostle our own way through life in one fashion or another. If one vein to fortune doesn't yield, we can strike another. We can make all sorts of shifts, and bend all sorts of circumstances to our will. But what is a frail, helpless woman to do, whom misfortune overtakes? Almost every door of service is closed to her, and those which may open, involve social ostracism in many cases if she enters them. Teaching may, in a partial sense, afford an exception to the rule, only here the supply is always greater than the demand, and involves now-a-days an amount of service so exhaustive to mind and body that most young women break down after a few years of duty."

"Poor things!" exclaimed Mrs. Davenport, fastening one of her cuff-buttons, whose carbuncle caught a ray of the gas-light, and dashed it out in a streak of living flame, while her sympathy went deeper than her words, for her heart was a kindly and tender one, sure to respond to any grief it realized—"I wish they would all get married."

"There it is again, my dear child. You make the comfort, the happiness, the peace of a woman depend solely and absolutely upon the men who are most nearly related to her. If she have a kind, indulgent, worldly-prosperous father, husband, brother, it is all well enough with her; she'll have, so far as worldly circumstances are concerned, smooth sailing to the day of her death. But if the circumstances are changed. If these men are unfortunate, incapable, unworthy or base, woe be to their wives, and daughters, and sisters. They must throw themselves into the breach made by him who is their sorrow and their shame, and fight the battle of life with the fearful odds against them which a woman always finds in her struggle for home and bread."

"But who is to blame for all these things, Nathan?"

"Society, partly, and partly it is in the nature of things. There should be more honor and larger remuneration for woman's labor, and it is the thought of all this which has stung and goaded many of them into desperation, and sent them to plead on the rostrum and preach in the pulpit. You know if my talk has the sound of 'Woman's Rights,' I

do not affiliate with the extreme views of many of their advocates. Woman's widest sphere and noblest work lies in her own home; but what if no man's true heart or strong hand makes these for her? Then it is a hard world for that same woman."

"That is true, Nathan. What should I have done if I had had neither father, husband or brother to take care of me?"

"That's right, sis. Take the question right home to yourself, and then thank God every hour that you live that life has fallen to you in such pleasant places."

"Uncle, it's a great many more than two minutes, and I haven't gone to Boston yet," now interposed the sweet lip of the three-year-old boy, who during all this argument had sat on his uncle's foot, with his sweet, intent face.

"No, you haven't, oh little statue of patience." And leaving all questions of ethics or aesthetics, the bachelor uncle was soon absorbed in the frolic with his pet nephew.

Mrs. Davenport did not return to her book, however; she sat with her soft eyes veiled in some serious thought until the dinner-bell rang at last.

Her brother rose up. "That's a sweet sound to a starving man. Where's Richard, Julia?"

"I forgot to tell you that business will detain him until late to-night. You will have to supersede him, and carve the chickens for supper."

Nathan Douglass made a wry face, or pretended to, mounted his nephew on his left shoulder, gave his right arm to his sister, and they went out in state to the dining-room, just as all over the city at that hour happy husbands and fathers were sitting down among their wives and children, now that the business and turmoil of the day was over, in stately homes, before luxurious tables, some remembering to thank God, and some not having Him in their thoughts.

And at that very hour Rachel Scudder sat in the small attic chamber of the boarding-house, in which she had found transient accommodations, and thought over her plans for the morrow.

Look whatsoever way she would, a vast number of obstacles and improbabilities seemed to rise up in the path of her success.

This purpose of hers, now that she had come to confront it in the great heaving city about her, looked wild, rash, ill-advised,

which it had not when she contemplated it in the quiet chamber of the old parsonage, with that *paquet* of faded old letters in her lap that she had found in her husband's trunk when she first summoned heart and courage to unlock it, four years subsequent to his death. Half a dozen letters they were in all, written by his only sister, Mary, and giving her glimpses into the tender, clasping, self-forgetful nature of this woman—glimpses, too, reaching deep down into the secret places of her griefs, and privations, and losses.

Mary Scudder was the one only sister of Rachel's husband. If the hard, selfish nature of the man ever felt a throb of genuine tenderness for any human being, the orphan sister of his youth had claimed it. Proud he was of her, certainly, and pride was a mighty element in the nature of Morris Scudder; and Mary was a bright, sweet, blossomy little creature, whose attractions fully warranted the lofty hopes and ambitions which her brother entertained of her future. But she had disappointed all these and given him mortal offense, by falling in love with and marrying in opposition to his wishes a young man of unblemished principles, of good breeding, and most attractive social and mental gifts, but without fortune or prospects of any sort, save a long struggle upwards in his profession. With all his fine tastes and wide culture, Howard Douglass, the husband of Mary Scudder, had no business gifts or thrift. In that respect he would never be a "success in the world." The children who were born to them, died. Their struggle in the world was the old, sad, pitiful story of pride and poverty. At last, the young husband's health failed suddenly; he sickened and died, leaving his wife and only daughter alone, friendless, and with no means of support. And during the year which followed his death, were written those letters which at last had come to the light, and beneath the eyes of Rachel Scudder.

She had read them with bitter tears following her passage along the lines whose pathos and suffering must, it seemed, have moved a heart of stone. But they had never won a word from her brother, who had vowed not to forgive his young sister the keen disappointment which her marriage had inflicted on his pride; and when her health broke down, and the "wolf stood at the door," she appealed to him in vain, not in her own behalf, but in that of the child she must soon leave among strangers, an orphan in the world.

Mrs. Scudder remembered hearing her hus-

band allude to his sister a few times in terms of bitter disapproval, and attributing all the sorrows of her life as the just penalty of her folly; and, as the subject seemed to excite and annoy him, she had not ventured to press him with many inquiries regarding the lady. But now, reading these letters, the heart of the lonely woman was stirred to its centre for the child of her husband's sister.

"Wifely trust—mother loves," had been denied to her, and the woman-heart yearned and hungered unutterably to take the little orphan into the shelter of her love, and stand to her instead of the father and mother who "slept well" under the daisies.

By night and by day Mrs. Scudder turned over this thought in her soul. Perhaps the child, whose birthdays could not number more than half a dozen, was among strangers, unloved, uncared for, wronged, abused, it might be; after the lot of so many unloved orphans. If she could only search her out, but how? She knew only that Mrs. Douglass had died in New York, and that the little orphan had been christened after her maternal grandmother, Ruth Scudder Douglass.

It was catching at the merest straw; but impelled by her uncontrollable longings to find the child, Mrs. Scudder at last resolved to come to the city, search out in some old directory the last address of Howard Douglass, seize upon the slightest clue which this discovery might afford her, and also search out any families by this name, who presented to her own mind the slightest possibility of aiding her in seeking the child. But now, seated in the lonely little attic-room, how wild and thin her whole schemes looked.

If it had not been that the faint soul of Rachel Scudder turned at that hour to its safe anchorage in God's love and strength, surely her heart must have failed her! And at this moment of her need and weakness, there rushed across her thought a new plan, which, had she been more widely acquainted with the habits of conducting business in the city, must have suggested itself to her before.

She would advertise in the most prominent dailies for the child of Howard and Mary Douglass. And with this thought, overcome with weariness of mind and body, she fell asleep in her chair, making a picture sitting there, which only the stars saw, wandering among the gray cliffs of clouds in the sky overhead.

"Richard," said that gentleman's brother-in-law, Nathan Douglass, as he stood late in

the day in the former's office, "hand me a bit of wrapping paper, will you? I want to take this gimerack home to Phil," holding up a tiny chariot carved in some exquisitely veined wood, with crimson cushioned seats, and gayly caparisoned horses.

"That'll make those mother-blue eyes of his dance for joy," said the father, a large, tall, fine-looking gentleman, with a head of snow, although the forehead underneath hardly wore a wrinkle yet, and he surveyed the pretty toy with a sort of gratified smile.

"There don't seem to be any wrapping paper about here," glancing over his desk, and then turning towards the next room, for there was no porter at hand.

"Stay, Richard—that newspaper will do just as well, and I'll wrap it in a silver fleece when we get home."

Mr. Davenport handed his brother the paper, and the latter was proceeding to envelope the toy in it, when his attention was suddenly arrested by an advertisement among the list of "Personals," entreating whosoever could afford the writer any information of Ruth, the only daughter of Howard and Mary Douglass, both deceased, to communicate it at once to Mrs. Rachel Scudder, giving the lady's full address.

The gentleman read this over twice, then he turned, and looked at the paper. It was nearly three weeks old. He glanced up at his brother, with a look which made the other inquire—

"Well, Nathan, what is it now?"

Mr. Douglass read the paragraph aloud.

"Scudder! Why, that was poor Mary's maiden name," subjoined Mr. Davenport.

"Certainly it was. I remember that she had a brother who was as hard-hearted a rascal as ever drew breath, and who left her to starve and die, with that helpless little baby, because she married cousin Howard in opposition to his wishes. The marriage was, of course, ill-judged and rash in both parties; but any man who could follow with revenge to her grave, a helpless and suffering woman, because of some imprudence of her youth, which was the result of an impulsive and affectionate heart—that man is simply a brute."

"That's so!" added Mr. Davenport, who was quite too dignified to indulge in any half-slang phrases, except under some provocation, which gave peculiar point and emphasis to the expression.

"The man died four or five years ago," resumed the younger gentleman, "and I thought all the immediate members of poor

Mary's family were in the grave. I think I remember, however, that she told me her brother had taken him a wife some years subsequent to her own marriage. She had never seen the lady; but perhaps it is this widow who is now in search of her niece."

"Quite likely. You will answer this, Nathan?"

"At once," taking out his pen. "I fear, however, that it is too late. Singular enough that this happened to strike my eyes just now. Rachel Scudder! I like these old-fashioned names, Dick. They have a pleasant, wholesome savor of tradition and association, which all the fashionable little fancy cognomens which mothers of our time carry up to christening founts never have. I fancy, however, that this especial Rachel, if she was a real, true, deep-souled woman, never led a very happy life with that tough-natured husband; but the grave's peace and God's judgment is betwixt them now."

His brother-in-law made no reply to all this, for Nathan Douglass was busily scratching away with his pen now.

"I may as well give it up," said to herself Mrs. Rachel Scudder, in utter down-sinking of soul and body, one evening after she had been wearily and fruitlessly peregrinating the streets of the great city all day. "There is no use in seeking further. It is more than three weeks since I came to New York, and during that time, although I have searched indefatigably, I have not found the slightest clue to the child—the little child whose warm, soft, dewy cheek I have dreamed sometimes was pressed against my own. Maybe it was a wild, harum scarum, absurd scheme from the beginning. But then I am so lonely—dear God, Thou knowest—so lonely!"

And tears of woman's weakness, and loveliness, and despondency, came in a swift gust to her eyes, and fell in jets over her cheeks and hands.

Just then a servant girl knocked at her door, and opened it before the lady had time to respond.

"Here is a letter for you, ma'am, that was left this morning when you were out."

Mrs. Rachel Scudder grasped it with tremulous hands. A great hope knocked at her heart. She tore open the envelope. There was only a line inside; but it informed her that "all the information she sought could be obtained from the cousin of Howard Douglass, who was with his wife during the three months

preceding her death, by applying at the office of Richard Davenport, on Wall Street, on the following day, betwixt the hours of twelve and two."

For the space of half an hour, Nathan Douglass had waited in the office of his brother-in-law, when the door was suddenly opened, and a lady in some dark and simple travelling dress entered the office.

It happened, somewhat unusually, that no one just then was present but Nathan Douglass, and the lady threw aside her veil as the gentleman rose.

"I am Mrs. Rachel Scudder," articulated the clear, soft voice, "and I have come in person, as directed, to answer the letter I received yesterday."

"You are right, Mrs. Scudder," said the gentleman, with his eyes on her face.

Hers grew bewildered, as she took the seat he offered her.

"It seems impossible, but I think I have met you before?" she asked.

The gentleman smiled.

"I believe, ma'am, that I had the honor of waiting on you to an omnibus several weeks ago."

Mrs. Scudder's face brightened instantly at the recollection.

"Oh yes, I recall perfectly my sense of indebtedness to you at that time."

She paused here a moment, but only to take up the burden of her errand, explaining briefly her relationship to Mrs. Douglass, and how she had recently come in possession of the facts of the deceased lady's history through her letters to her brother, and how the desire to discover the little girl she had left alone and orphaned in the world had impelled her to come to the city in search of her, and that she had at last given up in despair of attaining her object, when the letter of last evening had inspired her with a new hope of yet reaching the child.

Mr. Douglass listened in intent silence to the lady's speech. She did not suspect how much of her real nature it disclosed to him. When she had finished, the gentleman introduced himself as the cousin of Howard Douglass.

They had been brothers to each other in their boyhood, but an unhappy misunderstanding had for some years diminished their intimacy betwixt them, and Nathan had not learned of Howard's death until some time after his return home. He sought out at once his cousin's widow and child, and removed

them both to his own home, where the former lived only a few months, notwithstanding the most tender nursing and the best medical care were lavished on the last days of the life of Mary Douglass.

Little Ruth was a beautiful child, the gentleman said, inheriting all her mother's attractive qualities, and on her dying she solemnly bequeathed the little creature to the love and care of Nathan Douglass.

She stayed with him, the gentleman added, long enough to become to him almost the dearest and sweetest thing on earth; but she kept her fifth birthday, little Ruth Douglass, with her mother in Heaven.

"Did the little child die?" broke in here the voice of Mrs. Scudder. "I thought perhaps—I was so lonely in the world—perhaps I could be a mother to her, instead of the lost one."

She covered her face with her hands now, and the tears dripped, dripped, dripped through her fingers. I think that Nathan Douglass looked on this woman at that moment with feelings such as he had never entertained for one before, although he had had fancies and passing admiration for many, but none of these took deep root in his life; but he thought how this young, lonely, childless widow had been seeking along the streets of the strange city, through weary, painful days, the child of one whom she had never met, yearning to lavish on her not only a mother's love and care, but a portion of her own very inadequate means. And in his soul Nathan Douglass did this woman reverence.

"Your husband died not long after his sister, I believe?" resumed the gentleman at last.

"Yes, not long after," answered Rachel Scudder, and she said no more; but she did not suspect that a slight irrepressible shudder went over her face—a face which had a wonderful gift and eloquence of expression; and then Nathan Douglass knew—enough.

The next day the carriage of Mrs. Davenport, the only sister of Mr. Douglass, waited for a long time before the boarding-house of Mrs. Scudder, and the guest did not leave until she had extorted a promise from the former to accompany her home on a visit the following day.

Rachel Scudder went, and remained much longer than she had anticipated, the visit of a week duplicating into months. Nathan Douglass was a member of the small family; so these two grew to know each intimately. If

you have not divined what sort of man this one was in mind and heart, it is too late to tell you now.

One evening—it was among the last of a visit that had been in the cold gray tone of the life of Mrs. Rachel Scudder like the sudden warmth and glory of the midsummer, with its pomp of leaves, its joy of waters, and its singing of birds—she said to him, in the course of some conversation which suggested the remark—

“There have been times in my life when I have wondered if there was really one good man in the world, and then I have remembered my father, and the thought of him always answered my doubt.”

She had never, during all their acquaintance, so nearly touched on her own marital experience as now, for the words held a meaning deeper than their surface.

Mr. Douglass looked at her a moment as she sat in the great arm-chair by the table, with the clouded gas-light on her pale, sweet face. These two were alone.

“Rachel,” he said, drawing near to her, “I wish you would let me prove to you that besides your father there is another man in the world striving to be good.”

Her glance went up with swift wonder into his face, and she knew all.

It was like her—her answer was not made in words, for the amazement and the deeper joy lay beyond horizons that they could not reach; but in a moment she drew away the hands which had covered her face in the sudden confusion of gladness, and laid them in those of Nathan Douglass; and as his closed over them, he knew that she gave him all the years which lay in their future to prove what he had asked her.

BLIND.

BY MYSTIC.

“No hope at last.” I only heard
A murmur low—no sigh, no word—
A something like the clanking sound
Of chains when prisoners are bound.
I could not see the cruel hands,
I only felt the iron bands
That bound me strong. I strove to speak,
But words were lost. I touched my cheek,
And started back with sudden dread,
Like one whose hand has touched the dead,
Who seemed to sleep. The glimmering ray,
That I had watched for many a day,
I dumbly groped in vain to find;
“No hope at last; forever blind!”

My life came back. With footsteps slow,
With pitying eyes, and voices low,
The years went past. Then opening wide
Its silent waves, black Lethe's tide
Whelmed all my soul. My voiceless prayer
Was swallowed up in blank despair.
Hours might have come and gone, or years,
Ere life brought back its hopes and fears,
And bade me take the unfinished task.
Or hours, or years, I did not ask;
But when, from out the chaos black,
The frightened soul at last came back,
I looked to see the light, to find
No hope at last; forever blind.
“No hope,” I heard them whisper low,
With voices like the uneven flow
Of waves that 'gainst the rough rocks roll,
And break themselves, by stern control
Of something stronger than the sea,
With all its grand free agency.
I felt the breath upon my cheek
Of lips that opened, not to speak,
But met my own, and left a thrill
That circles through my being still;
As when a ripple from the shore,
Circles and widens evermore,
Till pulseless waves that seemed to sleep
In trance, or death, to being leap.
So waves of life, with ebb and flow,
Rolled through my soul, and drifting slow
Across the sea of years to be,
The wrecks of hopes came back to me.
Nor wrecks alone. Far out at bay
A ship at anchor safely lay—
The ship that brought from islands fair
The answers sought in many a prayer,
Breathed low when tempests madly swept
Across the deep, or dead calm slept
In drooping sail. Then Hope took up,
With tender hands, the mingled cup
That fate had given, and whispered low
Her words of trust. I did not know,
Nor know I now, nor understand,
How wise and kind the usurring hand
That mingled seeming good and ill,
The bitter-sweet, with matchless skill;
Or more of wine or more of gall—
Enough that God hath willed it all.

WISDOM AND HAPPINESS.

The life most blissful on this sordid earth
Is his who, love possessing, feels its worth;
Deems it, with godliness and faith and health,
Heaven's richest dowry, man's transcendent wealth;
Regards of sound philosophy the rules;
Courts not the mawkish smiles of flaunting fools;
Assists his brethren in each way he can;
Builds up the reputation of a man;
Thinks more of moral than material power;
And serves his Maker to his dying hour!

THE NEW HOME.

BY J. E. M'C.

"Well, Jenny, how do you like your new home by this time?" said Aunt Martha, as she seated herself in the easy chair her niece placed for her, and took out the "soldier-stocking" on which she was knitting.

"I like the new home very well, auntie, but I think the neighborhood very dull and unsocial. To tell the truth, I do not believe I shall ever like these people. They seem so hum-drum and matter-of-fact, though some of them live in very good style, and as you see, the dwellings are neat and tasteful."

"Then you may be sure there is something good and agreeable inside, where you see such outward signs. You only need to take the trouble of finding it out. I am afraid you are a little bit unsocial yourself, Jenny. Have you tried much to become acquainted with the people?"

"I have returned a few of the calls made me; but everybody seemed so stiff and formal. I told Harry I would far rather stay at home than go out among them."

"Perhaps, dear, the others thought that the new doctor's wife was stiff and precise, too. It takes a little effort to break over these little icy boundaries on going into a new society; but once done, you will be surprised to find how many agreeable, companionable people there are, even in a very dull community. 'A friendly man must show himself friendly.' But the world generally is too much like the 'Miller of Mansfield, who cared for nobody, because nobody cared for him.' Just trouble yourself a little to take an interest in people, their little cares or great sorrows, the surroundings of their homes, their little children, whatever interests them, and you will soon find their society is a pleasure instead of a burden. Do not affect this interest, but teach your heart really to feel it. Nothing will so much endear you to a people, or a people to you. People may find a really valued friend in almost any respectable community, if they will only make it a matter of study. Oh, it is worth more than a great treasure of silver and gold to find such an associate that we can often be with, and who will sympathize with all our joys and sorrows. You can help your husband a great deal, my dear, by cultivating a pleasant social manner towards those you

daily meet, and you will find your own heart made more contented and cheerful. Besides, it is a duty, as well as for our interest, to cultivate these social virtues. No one can lightly cast them off, and stand acquitted before that kind Father above, who has in wisdom directed all our changes here. Oh, Jenny, ask in your prayers every day—'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do in this community?' and you will quickly find your interests and affections beginning to cluster around it."

BY THE LITTLE GRAVES.

BY MINNIE MARY LEE.

My dear—deep, dark and under us,
Where never gleams the light,
Two forms, of beauty wondrous,
In garments pure and white,
Ne'er know when dawns the morning,
Nor list when falls the night.

Their brows of snowy marble
Ne'er frown with grief or fear,
Blue eyes of dewy softness
Weep not the bitter tear;
Their waxen hands lie folded
Alas! from year to year.

Oh, darling! 'mid the rosy dreams
We cherished in "Lang Syne,"
Of the rare and golden future
That gleamed in coming time,
Came ever aught so sad as this
In dream of thine or mine?

But oh, 'mid visions fairest,
That our future doth illumine,
Is the one of that fond meeting
In the life beyond the tomb—
The meeting with our darlings,
In the land of love and bloom.

The shortcomings of other people disturb us greatly; but we are not often moved from states of tranquillity by our own defects of duty. If we were half as tolerant of others as of ourselves, we would be less censorious.

How quick we are to detect the faults of books and people; how slow to acknowledge excellence. The "but," and the "if" are perpetually coming in to spoil our enjoyment.

MARIAN'S MYSTERY.

BY AUTHOR OF "WATCHING AND WAITING."

PART II.

Time went on. There is nothing so unusual in the fact that I need to remark it, however. Time is our charioteer, and go with him we must, with full hands, or empty; little careth he. We have all sighed over his relentlessness, and grieved because he hurried us so fleetly through the pleasant, sunny places where we would have loved to linger; but vain it is to plead; on, on, on, rush his fiery coursers, till we are dashed into the dim echoing passages of woe, where the air is full of sighs and laments, and all doleful sounds, and there—Heaven help us—the groaning wheels roll heavily enough—heavily enough. So thought Marian, lying down at night, and rising up at morning, to find herself still laboring through that strange, Arctic country, with its sun-forsaken sky, and dreary stretch of snow.

But sorrow is not eternal. Some of us have learned that, too. We cannot grieve forever. There must be breaks of sunshine between our storms. Poor, unloved Marian, who knew not how she was to get over the gray, desolate years which lay (haply) between her and the grave, was beginning to find the life she would have cast away not only endurable, but possibly enjoyable. The dim, drooping eyes flashed now and then with their old sunny lights, and the warm, rich blood flung its scarlet banners into her cheeks once more.

It was the first winter of "the war." (I suppose we, who are passing through this struggle, will always speak of it as The War, as if there never had been another.) It seemed a dead, inactive time, and in our hot impatience, we groaned and writhed under it. Those were the gala-days of the fight, but we have come to the bitter, bitter earnest of the work since then. We have learned patience, too, and with ever and ever increasing faith in the justness of our cause, we can wait five, ten, fifty, or a hundred years for its final triumph. A hundred years? We can wait longer than that. Is not God eternal? When we remember that with Him "a thousand years are as one day," we never despair of the final establishment of His truth. Let Evil have his jubilee.

It was the first winter of the war, I said. In spite of some creeping doubts and anxieties,

we had not lost faith in our demigod, but hugged the thought that mighty events were brewing under the sluggish calm of the present, and watched from day to day to hear the breaking thunder of action. News from the army was eagerly sought, and greedily devoured. I quote from Mrs. Fry, that Marian was the most anxious and hungry one of all. I also record, upon the authority of that lady, that at the merest mention of an approaching battle, Marian grew white about the lips, and her eyes had a wild, scared look, very pitiful to see. I furthermore add the testimony of the same, that Marian was in constant receipt of letters from the front; and that upon two occasions, by means best known to herself, witness had discovered supposed answers to said letters, addressed in Marian's delicate, graceful hand, to one Thomas Wheatley, of a certain company and regiment in the "On to Richmond" army. Which deposition I submit without comment.

The winter melted into spring; spring budded and burst into the bloom and beauty of early summer. We were in the midst of the rush and smoke of the "seven days' battle before Richmond." To the North, to the South, to the East, to the West, bullets were speeding on their mission of death, and hundreds of miles to the rear their deadly force was felt. While the valiant fought against the evil powers, the weak and timid besieged the throne of Heaven with prayers.

I speak from my own observation now, when I say that, during these days, Marian's face wore an unspeakably anxious look. The dread and terror that whitened her lips when the dispatches were brought, the wild, breathless, eager way in which she ran over the bloody battle-records, whispered of a life at stake, dearer to her heart than all others. Whole divisions might be mown down; so she read not one beloved name in the list of the slain, she could breathe, and hope again.

"You have a friend in the army?" said a lady, upon one of these occasions, observing the tremor and excitement of her manner.

But Marian's eyes were blazing over the sheet that quivered in her hand, and possibly she did not hear the inquiry.

"Miss Reed."

"Madam!"

"You are unusually interested. Have you a friend in the battle?"

"Yes," was answered, in nervous, startled tones.

"A lover, perhaps."

"No."

"A brother, then."

But Marian did not heed. The whiz of rifle shot, and the thunder of charging batteries were in her ears, and among the smoke-begrimed faces of the heroic living, and among the pale, bleeding corpses of the no less heroic dead, she was searching, searching for the one "well known, and dearly beloved."

It was after the fight at Fair Oaks. We were reading the thrilling story over our untasted coffee, when Marian glided in with her wan, weary face, and heavy, sorrowful eyes, looking as if she had drowned sleep in tears. As she took her seat at the table, a gentleman handed her one of the morning papers.

"Something to give you an appetite," he said, facetiously.

With shaking hands she unfolded the sheet, and merely glancing at the heads of the articles, turned at once to the fatal lists, over which her eyes ran with lightning swiftness.

Some one speaking to me just then, my attention was attracted for a moment in another direction, and when I glanced again at the little blue-robed figure opposite me, her hands had fallen to her side, and with closing eyes, and face as white as the dead, she was slipping silently from her chair. In an instant I was at her side, but he who, with mistaken kindness, had passed her the fatal paper, caught her ere she reached the floor.

"Heaven!" he said, bearing her to the open window, "how could I know that she was in the reach of those flying death-missiles?"

I told you we were in the raging heat of the battle, and truly so. A shot from the enemy's guns had smitten one of our number, and sent confusion and dismay into our defenceless ranks.

"How deathly white and cold she is," cried Randall, chafing her hands in an awkward, frightened way. "Miss Margaret, Miss Margaret, she is dead! I have killed her!" he continued, in an agony of terror and remorse, stroking the little cold hands yet more desperately.

"No, no, Mr. Randall. Stand aside, please. She is reviving, I think."

Presently the poor child opened her eyes,

looking at me for a moment with a frightened, bewildered air. Then a sudden joy broke over her face, and she threw her arms around my neck, crying—

"Thank God! thank God! You come to wake me, didn't you? I dreamed again that I read Donald's name in the list of the killed, and this time it seemed so real! Oh, Margaret. Bless God it was a dream!"

"Donald?" "Donald Reed?" I heard the name repeated in tones of wonder and perplexity, and glances full of meaning were exchanged by some of the boarders. "Donald Reed." Lawyer Brighton picked up the paper that had fallen from Marian's nerveless hand, and ran his eyes quickly over the column, where hers had travelled with such swiftness a little time before.

"There is no such name here," he said. "Evidently, the girl is not in her right mind."

At sound of the voices, more than all, at the rustling of the paper, a cold shudder seized upon Marian, and lifting her head from my bosom, where she had dropped it in her thankfulness, she looked around, with growing doubt and terror in her sad, white face. Then all the mournful truth came slowly back, and, with a shuddering wail of pain, she sank again into insensibility. Alas, poor sufferer! her "dream" was too fearfully real.

"Will some one be kind enough to carry her to her room?" I asked, and the good Conrad came forward, and with soft exclamations of pity, gathered her tenderly in his arms, and followed me through the group of half curious, half sympathizing people.

As we were going out, I heard Mrs. Pry reading, in that insinuating voice of hers, among the casualties of the 72d—"Thomas Wheatly, private, Company B, killed."

Swoons, headaches, brain-fevers, and the like, are so prevalent among the heroines of sentimental romance, (none, as I believe, ever being carried successfully through to the last chapter, without falling a prey to one or the other, or more frequently, to all of these infirmities of the flesh,) that I would very gladly exempt my poor Marian from all such ills, she being, as I have somewhere said before, no heroine, in the common acceptation of the word, but only a pure-hearted, simple-minded little girl, with none of those marvellous, superhuman attributes which invest the glorious Minervas of the modern romancer's brain.

But the overtaxed nerves, and the mind, long a prey to secret suffering and anxiety,

gave way before the cruel shock that seemed, to the afflicted one, to stir the earth to its centre, and turn the brightness of that fair summer morning into midnight blackness and terror; and for days and nights the little white-clad form tossed like a speck of foam on the wild ocean of delirium, and murmured, with fever-parched lips, "Donald is dead—Donald is dead." Sometimes the mournful, heart-breaking plaint changed to soft pleading, the eyes grew wistful, imploring—and earnest, supplicating, as if beating against the hard rock of unbelief, the praying voice repeated over and over, "Donald is true. Donald is good and true. Donald never did the deed."

Once when she had turned to Dr. Goodwin with this pleading cry, he took her hands in one of his, and laying the other on her burning forehead, said soothingly, in earnest, believing tones, "Yes, yes, Donald is true. Donald never did the deed," and with a sigh of infinite relief, the poor, tired soul grew still, and slumbered peacefully.

You should have known Dr. Goodwin. More especially if you had lost faith in human kind; if earthly existence seemed to you a thing to be gotten over with, and laid aside as speedily as might be; if you were inclined to think of goodness and truth as mere abstractions, airy and unsubstantial, without termini or closing limits in this life, you should have known this man. His daily deeds were sermons. He preached a living Gospel. He walked so purely and uprightly, yet so humbly among men; dealt so justly, yet withal so mercifully; entered with such hearty earnestness into every good, noble work; went about with such tender sympathy in his face, such ready, helpful hands to assist the needy, to lift the heavy burdens, and give ease to the suffering and afflicted, whether of soul or body, that everywhere the blessing of good men followed him; and the weak and struggling came to him with their woes, seeking and receiving help and encouragement, for he lived so close to God, so near to the living Source of all life and light, that his very presence seemed to have health and healing in it.

Yet the good Doctor had his enemies—as many, perhaps, as an eviler man. I hear it said, sometimes, in proof of one's virtue and uprightness, that he has not an enemy in the world. Till the time come when the wolf and the lamb lie down together, I must think that a negative sort of goodness which can get through this battle-world of ours without

provoking an occasional assault from evil. That clear, honest, searching, yet kindly eye of the Doctor's, looking down through all pretence and disguise, through all the glitter and tinsel of appearance, into the very heart and soul of a man, made many a one writhe and burn with inward rage and malice, and bad men hated because they feared him.

"Donald was true, Donald was good and true," repeated the Doctor, softly, regarding his slumbering patient with an expression of face that had somewhat in it deeper and tender than mere compassion, I thought.

"Do you know the meaning of these troubled cries?" he asked, coming over to where I sat, vasing the dewy, half-blown roses that Marian loved.

"Only in part," I said.

"Marian never told you of her brother?"

"Never."

"You have heard his misfortunes spoken of by others, I presume?"

"No."

"Not even by that insinuating woman who, on the first day of Marian's illness, took up her stand by her bedside for the ostensible purpose of serving, but for the real one of seeing and hearing; and whose presence was so disturbing and injurious to our poor little sufferer here, that I was under the necessity of requesting her to leave the room. Well, this is strange. I would not have judged her one to have let an opportunity slip in which she could have spoken to the disadvantage of another."

"The occasions that have been granted her to speak with me have been so few, and present evils so numerous, that she could scarcely do justice to them, letting alone any choicer bits of ancient scandal."

"Ah, I see. Sit down, please. You will hear this story from other lips. Hear it first from mine."

"No. All that Marian could wish me to know of her, or hers, she would have told me."

"You may be mistaken. I think you are. Marian is a shy, sensitive soul, not likely to give confidence where it is not asked. She has reason to think, too, that her simple, unsupported story will not be believed, and that in seeking to establish her brother's innocence, she will confirm his guilt. Her experience has been so sad, poor child, and she has suffered so much from doubt and suspicion, that she came to hide her troubles deep down in her heart, and brooded over them in secret, till this last shock unsealed her lips, and her life's pain and weariness escaped in the rav-

ings of delirium. Her strong confidence in her brother's integrity, and her utter inability to prove it to others, is deeply expressed in that mournful cry that brings the tears to your eyes, and to mine—that eager, pleading, yet despairing cry, 'Donald is true. Donald never did the deed.' The tones are more touching than the words; they are so utterly without hope. Will you listen to me, Miss Margaret?"

I sat down silently.

"They were only two," the Doctor began, in musical undertones, that could not disturb the sleeper, "only two, and all the world to each other—Donald and Marian. You know her truth and pure-heartedness"—

I bowed assent to the half-interrogation.

"He was worthy to be her brother," was added, with simple impressiveness. "One of God's noblemen was Donald Reed. Honorable, kind-hearted, magnanimous, his every action seemed the outgrowth of truly Christian principle. But Providence dealt strangely with the young man. One of those mysterious events which lead us—in our doubting hours—almost to question the existence of a righteous and an omnipotent God, overcast the fair, propitious morning of his life with clouds that wrapped him in midnight darkness till the day of his death, and still hang heavy over his soldier's grave—impenetrable but to the eye of faith. Five years ago, he held an office of high trust in one of our merchant houses—he was beloved, honored, and relied upon beyond what most men of youth and inexperience are. Better had his matchless virtues not attracted so unqualified a trust—far better for him, as events have proved.

"It was a black, disastrous time in affairs commercial, and it was only by the most strenuous effort, and the extremest care and watchfulness, that the firm in which Donald was employed was enabled to meet its demands, and save itself from going to wreck in the stormy waters, where many another more enterprising and prosperous craft had already gone down. Struggling on from day to day, could it but breast one more sweeping billow, it might ride safely into port; but a blow fell from an unexpected direction, a leak sprang in an unwatched part of the ship, and the on-rolling wave, cruel and unrelenting, swept down all before it. The sums that had been with difficulty gathered to meet the pressing exigency, were found to have mysteriously disappeared the very day on which they fell due; and unable to avert long-threatened disaster

and ruin, the devoted house sank hopelessly under this new calamity.

"But who had committed the daring depredation? Suspicion fastened at once on Donald; not because there was anything in the life of the young man that pointed him out as one likely to do such a deed; the reverse of that; but by the strangest combination of circumstances, the crime was traced directly to him; and against all the damning proofs of his guilt he could oppose no single witness of his innocence excepting his simple, unsustained word, and his hitherto unimpeachable character. And even these were made to testify against him—when it was remembered that since the ancient days when the Demon talked with subtle sweetness to our ambitious mother, bad men have hidden all manner of evil under fair, specious appearances; and 'wolves in sheep's clothing,' devils in angels' guise, figured conspicuously—in the flowery discourse of the plaintiff's counsel, which, summing up the overwhelming evidence against the accused, swept from most minds—even of those who knew him well—every remaining doubt of his guilt; and the hard sentence of the law was pronounced with no lingering touch of pity, no faintest sense of its cruelty and injustice.

"As for the young man, he was completely crushed, utterly overwhelmed by his misfortune. Knowing himself innocent of the crime with which he was charged, and of which he was convicted by the most indisputable testimony—indisputable, at least, by him—it seemed to his confused, bewildered mind as if the order of the world was subverted, and chaos reigned. For a time, I think, his faith in the justice of the overruling God was strongly shaken, and not strangely. Many have doubted with far less reason. But we are feeble of vision, and our mortal life is too short to learn the Immortal's ways in.

"In my own mind, I had no more doubt of Donald's innocence than I had of my own. True, I could produce no proofs of it that would be accepted as legal in the courts of men; nevertheless, there dwelt with me a silent inner witness of his truth, whose testimony could not be invalidated by all the 'facts,' or semblances of facts, which had convicted him in the eyes of others. I no more doubted his honesty than I do the existence of the sun when it is obscured by clouds, or hidden by the revolving earth.

"It was in my power, by means not necessary to reveal, to rescue the youth from the

dreary years of imprisonment to which he was condemned, and I resolved to do it. It may not have been a justifiable act, but it was attended by no scruples, and has been followed by no remorse of conscience. If I did a wrong, I am unblessed with any sense of it. Let the wicked receive his wages to the last farthing, say I, but I do not believe it is in the eternal laws of Providence that the innocent should suffer for the guilty.

"The good Donald hesitated about accepting freedom under such circumstances. To his honorable mind, retreat from the penalty attached to his imputed crime seemed to involve something cowardly and ignominious; and with true martyr-spirit he was resolved to suffer his unjust punishment without murmur or appeal. But the deprivation of liberty is a terrible thing, more especially if it be without reason or deserving; and the thought of those wretched prison years, in which he could do no good to his fellows—he who had never done aught but good—wrought so strongly on the young man that the scruples, which would not have visited a guilty mind, were finally overcome; and with means provided for him, he made his escape to a distant State, where, with noble, God-fearing men, to whom his story was unfolded, and who read the pureness of his soul in his honest, ingenuous face, he found protection and favor, and, best of all—that which he craved most—some good, true, useful work.

"All this trouble, pain and loss told sadly on our little friend Marian; but under her soft, childish exterior there is hidden—as you, no doubt, have learned even in your short acquaintance with her—a brave, true heart, and a strong, enduring faith, that have never failed her in the dim, dark valley of humiliation into which her feet have descended. She has fallen down stunned and senseless under this last heavy blow; but she will rise again, and, with the old love and trust pulsing her bosom, stretch out her hands after the Divine One, whose chastenings she feels more clearly than she sees are for good.

"Last fall, Donald was seized with a strong desire to visit his sister, with whom, during his exile, he maintained a constant correspondence—myself acting as medium—she, faithful heart, carefully preserving the secret of her brother's whereabouts even from her lover, who, in common with many others, entertained a hearty belief in his guilt. I opposed his return to this locality as adventurous and unwise; but the consciousness of his innocence

robbed him of fear, and made him reckless of danger, and overruling all my objections, he came. I breathed more freely when I saw him. He had changed much in appearance during his absence, and with the addition of sundry little disguises, assumed at my entreaty, his most intimate friend, I think, would scarcely have recognized him. Moreover, in the swift shifting of events, he and his affairs had slipped quietly out of the minds of men, and the suspicions even of those who believed themselves sufferers by his hand, were fastly laid asleep. He remained something over a week, spending as much time with his sister as he could without attracting attention, and arousing the jealous fears of Mr. Graves, who, for prudential reasons, was not admitted into the secret.

"I am thankful for this:—the honest heart of the unfortunate Donald (unfortunate only in a worldly sense, I trust) was saved one pang, in that he never suspected himself as the cause of estrangement between Marian and her betrothed—never, as I believe, knew that any estrangement existed. She, true soul, would have cut off her right hand rather than have permitted it to pen the history of her trials to the beloved brother, who had already borne sorrow enough, and whatever her sufferings may have been, she let no faintest whisper of them travel abroad.

"I do not know why it was, but the young man seemed singularly impressed with the idea that this stolen reunion with his sister was the last on earth, and that their next meeting would be in a world where his truth should shine clearly in the eyes of all.

"In giving his services to his country, he seemed to feel that he was also giving his life; but nothing could shake his resolve; that noble, enduring heart of his that never shrank from any pain or any sacrifice, which could truly benefit another, was ready to spill its last drop of blood in defence of the God's principle involved in this internal struggle, which is like the silent fight that goes on between the Heaven's and the Hell's powers in the battle field of a human breast. And as in the one case, so in the other—without foreign aid or interference we must fight out the battle, and decide for ourselves whether we will serve the high God of Eternal Justice and Truth, or the monstrous, fiery-eyed Deformity, lusting for all power and dominion to work iniquity; whether we will set our faces towards the Heaven's gate of obedience to Divine laws, or turn them down, with beast-

dufness and deadness of vision to the black abyss, foaming and raging with the wild Spirit of Disorder. The struggle may be long; it must be desperato; it is life or it is death; yes, it is both life and death—the brave, heroic, God-sustained, marching with battle-shout through the gate of victorious death into eternal life; the weak and cowardly going over to false gods to save life, and losing it in endless death. A greater than I has said it in words unmistakable—“Whosoever will save his life, shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for *My sake*, shall find it.” With as true appreciation as man ever had of the worth and blessedness of life, Donald was ready to lay his down for his friends—the best interests of humanity—not lightly, not recklessly, as a thing wearisome and long enough borne; neither begrudgingly; nor yet for honor or eternal reward; but freely, royally, reverently, rendering back his precious talent with added value, into the hands of his Lord.”

The Doctor paused, and drawing from his pocket a small miniature, touched the spring silently, and laid it open in my hands.

I looked down upon a manly breadth of brow, into eyes clear, earnest, truthful—on a mouth grave and sad, but more eloquent in its dumbness than thousands that pour forth swelling torrents of words. Brow proclaimed the royalty of soul; eyes testified to purity of heart; lips hinted in mute, symbolic language of martyrdoms patiently borne; of stern combats and hard-earned victories over foes spiritual and material; brow, eyes and lips chorused in grand silence—“Behold a man without guile—a man in whom dwelleth no iniquity!”

I closed the case reverently, and passed it back to its owner.

“Is it the face of a guilty man—a false, black-hearted man?” the Doctor asked.

“If it be so, truth and falsehood have changed liveries.”

“They have not. Donald was true.”

“Donald?” murmured Marian, catching the beloved name through her dissolving dreams. “Donald — is dead,” she cried, with sudden, sad recollection, drawing her hand wearily across her forehead.

We crossed the room softly, and stood by her side.

“Donald is dead,” she repeated, looking from one to the other, with dreary hopelessness.

“Not dead—alive! Most truly alive,” said Doctor Goodwin, with convincing earnest-

ness. “Subject no longer to sorrow and pain; tempted no more of evil; no human infirmities to overthrow and drag him down to sin; no fetters on his hands—happy Donald!”

Light broke into the sad, white face; the eyes lost their wondering, insane expression, and grew soft and luminous with thought.

“Does no remembrance of the doubt and suspicion that darkened his life in the earth, cloud his happiness on that sun-bright shore?” she asked, still wrestling with the shadow that had walked with her so long.

“Never, believe it,” answered the Doctor, quickly and fervently. “In the clear light of that better world he sees the things which vexed, confused and pierced him with many troubles in this, to have been of wise, holy and beneficent use; and the pains and sorrows of his earthly existence are remembered only as the travail with which eternal joy and blessedness were brought forth. Let no doubt or fear trouble your heart. It is well with our brother.”

The words soothed and comforted her. She lay for a space without speaking, a dreamy, half-smile on her lips, her eyes serene and untroubled by any vexing thought. Then her glance chanced to fall on my hand, lying idly upon the counterpane, and for the first time in her brief interval of reason, she seemed to recollect my presence.

“I have told her all,” the Doctor said, in reply to the startled look she gave him.

The dear eyes were lifted to my face, in mute question and appeal.

“Donald was true,” I answered, bending to kiss the sad little face, that brightened with gratitude at my assurance of faith.

Those sick, weary days, with their delirious fancies and strange unrealities, ebbed slowly out, leaving Marian lying with dreary consciousness on the shore of this cold, desolate fact—her utter isolation and solitariness in the world. No father, no mother, no sister, no brother anywhere in the earth—oh, how desolate it was! She thought of her dear ones gathered on the Thither shore—pictured their content and happiness in contrast with her own wretched, unquiet and perplexed state; plead—agonized, for one sign of recognition—one token of love and remembrance, and in the stony, solemn silences that answered her passionate invocations, it seemed to her disturbed soul that she was utterly cast out and forgotten of God and angels. But there were other times, when the stormy clamor of her

heart was hushed, and thinking with more calmness of her sainted ones, and considering patiently her life, what, with all its early chill and blight, could yet be made of it, she was strongly conscious of some vivifying presence within, some strange, new exaltation, and interior sense of light, and warmth, and protection, filling her with an inward peace and tranquillity never known before. And this blessedness remained with her while she kept her thought fixed on the good of life, and bent with courage and hope to her allotted task in the great work-field of God's world; only when she rebelled against her fate; only when the storms of earthly passion rose, and doubt, and misgiving, and weariness, and discontent surged in, were the heavenly voices stilled, and the heavenly presences banished from her soul.

Oh, ye who have given your beloved into the unseen Halls of Heaven, blessed are ye beyond all that ye think or know. Watched over by angels' eyes, led by invisible hands, wrought upon by divine influences, ye are at all times encircled by shining presences, and girt about by the jasper walls of the most holy Zion, albeit, in the blindness and grossness of your heart ye know it not. Why build ye costly mausoleums for your so-called dead?—why plant ye rose, and myrtle, and evergreen, over their buried dust, seeking so to reunite the broken links between your souls and theirs? Build ye rather temples of glorious deeds; plant ye rather evergreen, myrtle and rose in the sandy deserts of your lives; for so shall the lost communication with your beloved be restored, and ye shall talk face to face with the angels of God.

During the period of Marian's convalescence, Doctor Goodwin continued his visits with the same frequency as in the most dangerous days of her illness, seeming to have no perception that they were not quite as much needed, as indeed I think in some sense they were, for this "kind physician" carried not only cordials and restoratives for the failing body, but for the fainting spirit likewise.

As might be anticipated, these, to all appearance unnecessary calls, elicited some farther insinuating remarks from our old acquaintance Mrs. Pry, whose eyes were always open to all improprieties and evils of whatever nature; but all attempts on her part to grow a fresh drop of scandal upon this ground proved utterly fruitless, and resulted only in her own discomfiture and mortification. Her evil star had gone down in the little sky of our

boarding-house, and its baneful rays no longer infected us with madness. For the quiet, pale-faced girl, moving once more among us, there were only looks of sympathy and words of kindness, and half-expressed scorn and suspicion, and contemptuous and significant glances, dimly understood, chilled and wounded her no more.

By and by, when her strength permitted, there were delicious summer morning and sunset drives with the Doctor, over pleasant country roads, cutting through meadows fragrant with new-mown hay—through snatches of odorous hemlock woods, winding over hilly pasture-lands, plunging down into shady hollows, and running away over rustic bridges, and up to the hills again, with unexpected sweeps, and curves, and sudden turnings, bringing forth new pictures of beauty, that called the long-lost sunshine into Marian's eyes once more, and changed the white rose of her cheek to damask.

Very possibly the sagacious and sympathizing reader, who has already discovered the bent of the worthy Doctor's heart and the partially receptive state of Marian's, may conceive other fascinations in these quiet country drives than those expressly laid down in the way-bill. I cannot make affirmation or denial upon this point. The reader knows as well as I.

I believe it is not usually considered the supremest felicity to form the third party to persons in love; but I found nothing particularly disagreeable in occupying this position on the various occasions that I was invited and urged to do so. If third party can overcome his or her contempt of the love-makings in which he or she is not an active participant, said party will discover as pleasant a study as is offered in the curious book of human nature, which book, we are forced to believe, has many blundering readers, as well as false interpreters.

Devout September had told twenty of her thirty golden beads; summer lay abroad on the hills with failing breath and pulse languid and low; but as yet she had not put on her gorgeously dyed robes of death.

We had gone down to the Basin with some half-formed intention of taking a sail, but wondrous beauty kept our feet on shore. A solemn stillness reigned through all nature. Summer's brave retinue was on bended knees at the couch of the sinking Queen, hushed to that awful silence that precedes the breaking forth of lamentations and inarticulate wailings

of grief. Not a leaf stirred in the lofty arches of the forest, in whose dim vestibule we were standing; not a bird's note trembled through the air; not a wave of the crystal waters before us broke with musical murmur on the pebbly beach under our feet, and over all the dreamy silence of the earth, lay the eternally silent sky, with some unwonted clearness and transparency in its depths, seeming to transmit the warmth and radiance of an ulterior and purer sun. We could not talk much. Speech upon such days seems profane.

Marian had gone forward a few yards, and with her hands clasped, like a devout worshipper, on the moss-grown rock in front of her, stood looking off over the placid waters with misty, dreaming eyes, some half-sad, half-pleasant thought curving her sweet lips with a pensive smile. The Doctor, leaning against the firm straight pillar of a giant pine, studied the motionless figure in the foreground of our matchless picture with a breathless, tender expression of face, whose meaning could not be mistaken by the dullest observer.

"It is my lady; oh, it is my love:

Oh that she knew she were!—

She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that?"

"Tush, Miss Margaret," spoke the Doctor, interrupting my softly-uttered quotation, a crimson flame running up to his white forehead. "I am no sentimental Romeo, that you should so interpret my thought. I do love this artless, pure-souled maiden as deeply and truly as man ever loved, but I would die rather than pain her by the acknowledgment of a passion which she cannot reciprocate. I know not how she regards me. I fancy the old love still reigns in her heart, and that my image can never displace the one already shrined there."

"If Mr. Graves be the 'shrined image' to which you refer, perhaps I may give you some information which will correct your views. A month ago, that gentleman, having come by a long and rather difficult way to a healthful understanding of himself, and the pricelessness of the pearl he had absurdly thrown away, called upon Marian and made a new offering of himself, and was very politely—declined. His love had proved to have too dark a side to it to be quite agreeable to its recipient, and she was loth to walk in its day lest she should be again overtaken by its night."

The Doctor's face lighted up with a sudden joy, but was quickly overcast by doubt again.

"Still, I have not the slightest proof that she cares for me," he said, a little sadly.

"Really, Doctor Goodwin, your modesty is most refreshing, it is so rare a quality in your sex."

"You trifle. I am very grave. Speak earnestly. You are Marian's dearest friend. Is there hope for me?" he asked, in low, eager tones.

"Faint heart, go ask her. Would she thank me for babbling her secrets, think? Her 'yea' shall be all the sweeter to you for fearing her 'nay.'"

What were those brilliant flowers away off there on the eastern side of the pond? It was expedient for me to go that very instant and see.

We superfluous "third persons" must needs (on occasions) possess strong literary tastes, and an intense affection for the natural sciences—botany, mineralogy, entomology, ichthyology—Heaven help us!—any "ology" whatsoever that can make our faces demure, give us a general air of abstraction, and render us, to all appearance, totally oblivious to affairs of our neighbors. Once down under the shadow of the rocks, with their emerald cushionings and hanging fringes of fern, it didn't matter so much about the flowers. I knew they were only some flaunting branches of golden-rod, more beautiful afar than near. But blessings on "pocket editions" of "favorite authors"—useful to would-be-obliging "third persons" when all other resorts fail—many are the waste places that they fill with joy and pleasantness.

Yet there is a certain point—and we all come to it sometimes—where pleasure merges into absolute weariness; and however it might be with the Doctor and Marian, sitting over there in the edge of the forest eating angels' food, for my own sublunary self I discovered, after a reasonable time, that mossy beads are hard; that hanging tapestries of ferns are not so beautiful; and that poetry and metaphysics are altogether "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable." I began to think with yearning affection of the "peaches and cream" we were to have for supper, and, wondering if the Doctor had not got his story told, pocketed my book and emerged from my hiding-place, singing a dashing air to give warning of my approach; and finding this without effect, breaking into a desperate whistle, with no better success, however. The devoted couple were deaf as the Seven Sleepers to all the world outside themselves.

"I never dreamed you could love me in this fashion," Marian was murmuring, with crimson cheek and downcast eyes, as I came up. "You are so good and wise, and I am a foolish, childish thing."

"Do you know, simple heart, that is why I love you," responded the Doctor, in a voice tremulous with tenderness. "You are so artless, so pure, so unconsciously wise!"—

"Praise from a lover that does not overstep the truth! Verily, the Millennium is at hand!"

"Is that you, Miss Margaret?" cried the Doctor, springing up with a glad, bright smile. "Give me greetings of joy. I have won her!"

"Quite an obvious fact, Doctor Goodwin," I said, giving him a hearty hand-pressure, and bending to kiss the blushing cheek of the little girl who had nestled close to my side, whispering under her breath—

"I am so quietly happy in this new love. The old was so unrestful."

And now, having got this worthy pair on the high road to marriage and felicity (we surmise the last), shall we, after the curious fashion of story-tellers, leave them to take care of themselves? It grieves us so to do; but we must follow the shining ensamples. The skilful romancer, skipping about on strange seas, swoops into the snug port of matrimony at last, and drops his most honored passengers, then sails out into chaos to return again after a season with fresh cargoes, which he lands in the same blessed haven; but of the after-life of these one-time voyagers we hear not a whisper, not a breath, any more than if they were saints in glory.

GROWING OLD.

BY J. E. M'C.

Though it is usually true that the foot-prints of age steal on us unperceived, that it may be said of us that "gray hairs are here and there upon him, but he knoweth it not," yet the consciousness that we are growing old will come to us sooner or later if our life is spared. And too often it brings sad regrets and gloomy forebodings, as our eye looks forward to the future pathway down life's sloping hillside. Yet the future lies largely in our own power, to make it what we will. By economy and industry and a wise benevolence, almost every one in our favored land may "lay by in store" something to help supply his physical needs when the hands can no longer work. And if

such provision has been made, let the owner see that it is kept in his own hands as long as he lives. The advice in one of the Apocryphal books of the Bible is full of sound wisdom—

"Give not thy goods to another, lest it repent thee, and thou entreat for the same again. As long as thou livest give not thyself over to any. For better it is that thy children should seek to thee, than that thou shouldst stand to their courtesy."

But a churlish old man, be he every so rich, is never beloved. The service he commands is only performed for selfish ends. But who does not love the society of an aged person, whose heart keeps young and genial through all the crosses time has brought? There is no one mental trait like good temper to help secure a serene, beloved old age. Every fit of passion in which you indulge, sows a thorn in the pillow on which you must at last lay down your weary head. As old Daniel Waldo said to the students, "it tears down the constitution more than a typhus fever. Go to your food, to your rest, to your occupations, smiling. Keep a good nature and a soft temper everywhere, if you want to grow old slowly and happily." Cultivate your mind, too, as far as may be in the circumstances in which you are placed. Converse about what you have acquired, and thus you will cultivate a good memory, a very pleasant attraction about the society of the aged.

But "with all your gettings," see that your life is consecrated surely to God, and all your powers given to his service. Then you will not fear to have the swift years glide away, for they are only speeding you on to the harbor of rest your soul longs for. It is the Christian alone who has this blessed privilege of rejoicing at all times, and especially in the near approach of that good hour when he shall lay down his cross, and angel hands shall place on his brow a crown of glory which his Saviour's crown of thorns has purchased.

INDECISION.—With regard to indecision, Frederica Bremer writes thus:—How many occasions of doing good, in greater or less measures, are passed by from irresolution! While we are saying to ourselves, Shall I, or shall I not? the moment flies away, and the blossom of joy which we might have given to it is withered, and often cannot be revived by any tears of repentance.

There is no retrograde march in life; we either mount or descend.

NOT ANYTHING FOR PEACE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER V.

The offer made by Wheeler to grind for nothing, kept his grist mill in full operation all the while, and left that of Ellis nearly idle. There were a few, of more just and manly character, who were not to be influenced in the mean and sordid way that distinguished the many, and these came to Ellis. But their number was too small to be of much good service. To some of these, Ellis talked freely, giving his own side of the case, and exhibiting his wrongs. He denounced the law as made for the benefit of scoundrels; and darkly hinted his purpose of taking the law into his own hands. Some advised prudence; while others led him on to talk as freely as he list, and encouraged a spirit of retaliation.

"There'd be a fire in this neighborhood," said one of these less considerate friends, "were I the owner of your mill. I don't say where; but, I'm sure of one thing—it wouldn't be in my premises." And he looked meaningly at Ellis. This man's name was Porterfield.

"Where would it be?" inquired the miller, who very well understood what was in his neighbor's mind.

"I don't say. But one thing is certain, no man should drive me to ruin. If the law failed to protect me, I'd protect myself. I had a neighbor once who was the owner of a troublesome steer. The animal had a trick of opening gates and taking down bars. There was no security against its depredations. One day my cornfield suffered pretty badly. I sent the owner a bill of damages, and he refused to pay it, giving me some impudence. When I go in, I'm bound not to come out second best. So I gave the bill to a magistrate, and told him to sue. Well, as luck would have it, I lost the case through some defect of proof, and had costs to pay. I was angry, and no mistake. But, as I had gone in, I wasn't coming out so—not I. I swore revenge against the old steer; and that was bad for the steer. One day his owner found him with a broken leg, and had to shoot him. I think he understood the case; but I had taken care that no evidence should lie at my door."

Ellis cast his eyes upon the ground, in a thoughtful way, and stood for some time with-

out making any answer. The neighbor eyed him closely, and with something of a sinister expression.

"Good day," he said, as he jumped into his wagon.

Ellis started, and a slight flush came into his face, as he looked up at the farmer.

"Don't be driven to the wall. Self-preservation is the first law of nature," said the latter, as he took up the reins and gave them a jerk. "I know very well what I'd do, if I were in your place."

"What?" asked Ellis.

The man glanced across the stream in a peculiar manner, not to be misunderstood, and then speaking to his horse, drove away.

The next man who came to the mill, found Ellis so deeply immersed in thought that his approach was unheeded.

"Asleep!" said he, touching the miller with the end of his whip.

Ellis started up, like one affrighted, his face crimsoning—his air confused. His appearance, for a moment or two, was that of a person trying hurriedly to conceal something.

"Only day-dreaming," he answered, affecting an indifference that caused the other to wonder at the contrast of calmness in the tone with a strange excitement of look and manner.

"Rather a hard customer to deal with over there," remarked the man, as he sat waiting for his corn to be ground; and he tossed his head in the direction of Wheeler's mill.

"Rather," was coldly responded.

"I never liked him," said the man, who was inclined to draw out the miller.

Ellis did not answer. His mind was too much oppressed by many thoughts to be at all inclined, just then, to conversation.

"Nobody likes him." The man was more emphatic.

"Why, then, does nearly everybody go to his mill?" asked Mr. Ellis.

"Oh, as to that, if something can be had for nothing, nearly everybody is willing to accept the accommodation."

"Which doesn't say much for nearly everybody's sense of justice and independence."

"Of course not. But, you can buy one half of the people around here for a dollar. Their self-respect, I mean. As for Adam

Wheeler, he can't grind for me at any price, while there's another mill within a distance of ten miles."

This drew Ellis a little out of himself, and he replied, with considerable warmth—

"His mill wouldn't stand where it does for twenty-four hours, if justice were done."

"That's a fact," replied the other. "I understand the case thoroughly. A more shameless violation of an individual's rights has not occurred in this community. Why don't you come down on him with a strong hand and wrest by force the justice denied by law. I would do it."

"It's easy enough to talk," said Ellis, fretfully.

"Only a little easier than acting," answered the man.

Ellis looked at his customer steadily for some time, trying to read his face; but, he could make out nothing satisfactory.

"One thing is certain," went on the other, "I would never stand it to see that mill-wheel flaunting itself in the sunshine, day after day. It should stop, and at any cost."

"How would you stop it?"

"I'd find a way."

"Show me the way."

"Can't; you must find it out for yourself."

And the man, who was standing in the door, looking across the creek, turned back into the mill, and sat down on a bag of meal, lightly humming a tune.

"I've tried law, to my sorrow," said Ellis.

"Law!" The man snapped his fingers in contempt. "Honest men usually come out second best in law."

"What other safe recourse is left?"

"One thing is very plain," was answered, "if you sit still, and let your enemy gain one or two more trifling advantages, it is all over with you."

"I know that as well as you."

"And you're going to sit still?"

"Me?" Two red spots came out on the cheeks of Mr. Ellis; and there was a flashing light in his eyes.

"So I understand you."

"Don't."

"Ah! Then you are not going to sit still?"

"Perhaps not—unless my hands and feet are tied."

"That's talking like a man. When you have justice on your side, fight to the bitter end."

"What I intend doing."

"Desperate diseases require desperate remedies; and this case is a desperate one."

"That's so," replied Ellis, with knit brows and a clinched hand, that was shaken menacingly towards his neighbor's mill. "There are reserved forces with every man, and he is a coward who fails to use them in extremity."

"And elements quite as potent as law," said the tempter.

"Exactly."

"I thought it was in you. Now, do you know, that Wheeler and Wing think you a coward. A man who will go down rather than fight in mortal desperation."

"How do you know this?" demanded Ellis, in a fiery manner. The remark had stung him.

"Some things are said and some things are heard. Men talk out as they think, when they feel safe in regard to listeners. Wheeler talks now and then, and so does Wing. I've heard them."

"What do they say?"

"I don't know what they say now; but I have heard them talking in my time."

"About me?"

"Yes."

"And they intend driving me to the wall, I suppose?"

"They do; and not only driving you to the wall, but pinning you there. Now, you understand just what you have to expect from them, and must govern yourself accordingly. It has come to be a case of life and death, friend Ellis; and you'll have to look it steadily in the face. They are bound to destroy you, root and branch. Strike first, and destroy them—that's my advice."

"Strike first," said Ellis to himself, when alone. "Where shall I strike? How shall I strike?"

He sat down in a dull, abstracted way; but did not long remain so. In a few minutes he rose up hurriedly, and as if by a forced effort gave himself to the work around him; now examining the flour as it came from a pair of mill-stones to see if the grinding was right, and slightly altering the pressure; now looking down into the cog-pit, and listening to the jar and rattle of the great iron wheels; now passing to the upper floors, and examining the grain garner; and now, guided by the creaking of a dry journal, giving to the heated machinery a needed supply of oil. In this way, Mr. Ellis occupied himself for more than half an hour. Then, leaning from one of the upper windows, that looked across the creek,

he fixed his eyes upon Wheeler's mill. There had been a partial lifting of the clouds from his countenance while he moved about, and gave thought to the common duties that lay around him; but now the shadows fell over it again. Nearer than the tempting neighbor had stood to him a little while before, stood a subtle enemy, whispering of revenge, assault, and destruction. Questioned the fiend, tauntingly—

"Are you going down without a last, fierce struggle?"

"No!" ejaculated the miller, clinching his hand. "By all that I hold dear and sacred, no! I will not be swept down and leave him secure and triumphant. For the sake of peace and neighborly good-will, I gave way in the beginning, when right admonished me to stand firm. I put weapons into the hands of mine enemy and now he pursues me to utter destruction. Shall I not, being at bay, fight with mad desperation? Shall I not destroy this enemy to save myself?"

"If you are a man!" whispered the fiend.

Then a vision passed, for an instant, before the eyes of Ellis. Suddenly flames broke out, and leaping upwards and around the mill opposite, held it in a fiery pall.

The miller caught his breath as the vision passed, and turned from the window with a pale, startled face.

"It must come to that." The fiend was still at his ear. "It must come to that. There is no other way of safety. If he stands, you fall. One of these mills must go down. Shall it be yours?"

"It shall not be mine!" answered the miller to himself, sternly.

CHAPTER VI.

In the evening, when Mr. Ellis came home, his wife noticed a change in his appearance.

"Are you sick, Thomas?" she asked, with some anxiety in her voice.

He turned his face aside, as he answered, with what seemed to her embarrassment and evasion—"No; I'm very well," and passing her with unusual quickness, went to one of the chambers, and remained there until called to supper; then he came down and took his place at the table.

"You're not eating anything, Thomas," said his wife, after a little while. Ellis, who had fallen into an absent state, rallied himself with a slight confusion of manner, and lifting his yet untasted cup of tea, drank it off at a single draught.

"I don't feel much appetite," he answered,

and pushing his chair back from the table, got up and went away to a shaded part of the room, where he sat with his fate in more concealment.

"Does anything trouble you, Thomas?" asked Mrs. Ellis, coming to his side a little while afterwards, and laying her hand upon him.

"Yes, something always troubles me," he answered gloomily. "Can I smile and be at peace, when I see a gulf opening at my feet?"

"Don't talk so, husband; it distresses me," said Mrs. Ellis; "all will come out right in the end, if you continue to do right."

"It's coming out right very fast isn't it, now?" he answered, in a tone of irony. "Coming out right very fast! What is my mill property worth to-day? Nothing! Just nothing at all. Have I done wrong to any one? Have I not been just in dealing? If I continue to do right! No; no; that assurance goes for nothing. Rogues have it all their own way, now-a-days; honest men are at a discount."

"That I should live to hear you say so, Thomas!" exclaimed Mrs. Ellis, tears falling over her cheeks.

"That I should live to say so!" was answered gloomily.

"Something has happened to make you despond; but you'll see more clearly in the morning." Mrs. Ellis tried to speak cheerfully.

"In the morning!" He turned his head with a quick motion, and looked for an instant intently at his wife.

"Sleep calms the mind, Thomas. We lie down at night with troubled hearts, and when the morning breaks, all is again peaceful. Still trust in God, and have faith in the right. The wicked may flourish for a season; but, like flowers with a worm at the root, they wither often in a day. Though all looks dark around you, dear husband, the sun will come forth again."

"I cannot hope against hope," replied Mr. Ellis, with an air of impatience. "Every struggle that I have made in the effort to disentangle myself from the toils of my enemies, has only given them a new power over me. But—and his manner changed—"one thing is certain; I am not going down without a last struggle. They shall not destroy me wholly, and yet dwell in safety."

He set his teeth, and clinched his hands, in a way that caused a low, creeping chill to pass along the nerves of his wife. She tried

to remonstrate, but he waved his hand with increasing impatience, and said—

"Don't talk to me, Margaret! I can't bear it just now."

Mrs. Ellis moved away from her husband, a sad look falling over her patient face. Rising, the unhappy man went from the house. It was a clear, starlit night. Across the creek that flowed a little way from his dwelling, the flour and woollen mills of Wheeler and Wing loomed faintly out from the surrounding darkness. Mr. Ellis stood still, gazing at them for a long time; then he passed down to the side of the stream, by a road leading towards his own mill, and getting close to the water, bent forwards, and examined certain rocks and large stones that lay in the creek. Apparently not satisfied, he moved farther down, and once more strained his eyes into the murky air. To all appearance, his design was to cross over to the other side, for he now stepped carefully from the shore upon the broad rock, that stretched for several yards into the shallow stream, and after getting to the end of this, jumped across to another and smaller rock. Beyond this, at short but irregular distances, and ranging up the stream, were a number of projecting stones and points of nearly submerged rocks, around which the water rushed and foamed noisily. From one to another of these Ellis passed, slipping now and then, but maintaining his erect position until he gained the other side. Here, with his heart beating in great audible throbs, he stood still, and for nearly five minutes scarcely stirred from the spot. All was silent, save the rain-like seething of the dam, over which a thin veil of water was falling.

Why was he there, and at that hour? What was passing in his thoughts? Never in his life before had he been there at that hour and alone. Miserable man! How was the tempter gaining over him!

Suddenly starting, he listened with strained ear, and eyes searching into the surrounding night. Something was moving not far off. He saw a form but half defined, and heard the dropping of feet among the grass and leaves, but could not make out whether it was that of a man or an animal. Whoever or whatever it was, the form soon lost itself in the darkness, and the sound which had startled him was no longer heard.

A nervous trembling now seized upon Mr. Ellis. His limbs shook, his knees bent under the weight of his body, his teeth rattled. Slowly and cautiously he commenced the diffi-

cult task of recrossing the stream. When near the centre, his foot slipped from the side of a slimy stone, and one leg was buried knee-deep in the water. Recovering himself, he made the rest of his way across without further mishap, and when safely on his own side, sat down upon a stone weak and panting. As soon as he had regained a degree of calmness, Mr. Ellis arose and returned to his house. Avoiding his wife, he went up stairs, and removing his wet shoe and stocking, concealed them in a dark closet. Then taking a pair of dry stockings, and another pair of shoes, he laid them with his clothing, which he removed, and went to bed.

An hour afterwards, when Mrs. Ellis came up, she spoke to her husband, but he did not answer. Holding a candle near his face, she looked at him with eyes full of tenderness and pity, murmuring to herself as she did so—"I'm glad he's sleeping."

But did he sleep? Two hours later, he stood over her, candle in hand. But the light did not send a beam through the closely-shut eyelids. Silently withdrawing, Mr. Ellis, who was only partially dressed, shut the chamber door, and in the next room fully attired himself. Then putting out the light, he felt his way down stairs, and left the house. The same road, taken earlier in the night, was taken now, and in a few minutes he stood by the starlit stream, that gurgled, and seethed, and murmured through its rocky obstructions. There was no hesitation of manner now. With bold strides the miller dashed across from rock to rock, and in a few excited moments, stood upon the opposite shore. The point was several hundred yards below Wheeler's mill, the outline of which cut sharply against the moonless sky. Picking his way along the shore, Ellis approached the mill, moving with increasing caution as he drew near. He was not over a hundred feet distant, when a light, as if a great meteor had suddenly streamed across the sky, lifted the whole landscape out of darkness, making even the smallest objects visible. Turning his eyes upon the mill, near which he stood, he saw a volume of flame that filled the whole of an upper window, pouring out like a devouring flood. Surprise and fear paralyzed him. He stood unmovable for several moments, the light growing stronger and stronger all the while, as the flames spread, reaching to other windows, and leaping forth into the air, until, within a wide circle, it was luminous as day.

An instinct of danger caused Mr. Ellis to glance hurriedly around him, here and there, for a place of concealment. He dared not venture to recross the stream, lest some neighbor, aroused by the conflagration, should discover him in the passage. To be found away from home at midnight, and in such near proximity to the burning mill, would surely lead to his arrest as an incendiary. He shuddered at his peril, while great beads of cold perspiration stood upon his face. Intense the light grew, the rays seeming to draw around him as a focal centre.

"Fire! fire!" The cry broke wildly out of the deep silence. Ellis turned and saw a man springing down the bank on the opposite side of the creek, and dashing into the water. To run for a clump of trees that stood a few hundred feet from the stream was to act from a natural perception of danger. Gaining this sheltering point, and crouching among the underbrush, he looked out, fearfully upon the scene. "Fire! Fire!" The wild cry, given at short intervals, kept thrilling the air. Soon it was repeated, first singly and remotely, but soon in multiplied responses, and in the nearer mingling of excited voices.

"Fire! Fire!" It was just behind him. Mr. Ellis crouched lower to the earth, actually creeping under the closely-matted leaves and branches of a large hawthorn. The man who had uttered the cry passed within a few feet of where he was lying, and encountered, a little way beyond, another man, who asked, in an excited voice—

"Did you see a person running?"

"No!" was answered.

"He went in just there. I saw him, as I came down on the other side. He was out in the glare of the light, and ran off at my cry of fire. What was he doing here? Why did he not give the alarm? Why did he run?"

At this instant, a cry that made all hearts shudder rung out from the mill, and a man appeared at an upper story stretching forth his hands for succor. It was Wheeler. Below him, the story was on fire, and the flames beginning to crash through the windows, from which dense volumes of smoke belched forth. The men who had paused near to where Ellis lay concealed now dashed off towards the mill. Creeping forth from his hiding-place, Ellis retreated farther away, until he reached the skirt of a dense woods, into which he retired hastily, running until at so great a distance from the burning mill that he was in no danger of discovery. Here he found oppor-

tunity to rally his bewildered faculties, and to let reason take the place of blind fear.

A little clear thinking soon made it plain to Mr. Ellis that the only way to avoid suspicion was to hasten to the scene of conflagration, and join in with his neighbors in their effort to save life and property. But was there not danger in approaching the fire from the side opposite that on which he lived? Might not the man who saw him fleeing for concealment recognize him? But, how was it possible to gain his own side of the creek without being discovered? As Mr. Ellis debated, time passed, every moment increasing his perplexity. The roar of the conflagration, and the confused mingling of many voices, grew louder and louder. To hesitate long was fatal.

Desperately breaking forth from the woods, Ellis at length dashed forward in the direction of the mill, determined to reach it by the shortest way. As he sprang over a fence that separated a field from the common road, he came upon a man who was running at full speed towards the fire.

"Why, Ellis!" exclaimed the man. "What are you doing here?"

"Oh! Porterfield! Is this you?" responded the miller, in a voice that betrayed his agitation. "I crossed by the bridge and took a short cut through the woods."

"A short cut! I should call it a long cut," answered the man, as they ran forward, side by side.

"It proved a long cut," answered Ellis, driven to find some plausible explanation, "for I got bewildered and turned out of the way. This is a bad business."

"What?"

"This fire."

"Do you think so?" There was a meaning in Porterfield's voice that did not fall pleasantly on the miller's ears.

"Of course I do. Fire is always a great disaster."

"It will hardly prove a disaster to you in the present case, I'm thinking," said Porterfield. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good."

By this time they came into the open space that surrounded the mill. A large number of persons had already reached the scene of conflagration, and hundreds more were flocking thitherward from all directions. But fire was absolute monarch for that night. The pale crowd that stood helplessly gazing up at the madly leaping and quivering flames, had no power to stay their progress; and when the

roof went crashing in upon the consuming floors, an answering groan of pain and horror fell upon the air, for beneath that falling roof was the body of Adam Wheeler!

For nearly two hours the mill burned; and then the fierce flames went down, dying amid heaps of red coals, that lay between the walls like furnace fires.

As Mr. Ellis stood among the crowds of people drawn to the scene of destruction, half stupefied and bewildered, his ears took in many sentences that made his heart sink and tremble. Two men talked thus, not knowing that he was near them.

"There's been foul work here, I'm afraid," said one of them.

"Why do you think so?" was inquired.

"I have my suspicions," vaguely replied the first speaker.

"Whom do you suspect?"

"There have been two or three law suits about this mill property."

"With Ellis?"

"I didn't mention any names."

"You might as well have done so," said the man with whom he was conversing.

"Other people may call names. I never do," was answered.

"But you really think the mill was set on fire?"

"I can tell you what I saw."

"What?"

"I was the first man who cried fire."

"Were you?"

"Yes. The light shone into my window and awoke me. I ran out and gave the alarm. As I came down on the opposite side of the creek, I distinctly saw a man just below the mill. He escaped from the circle of light, and hid himself among the trees."

"Is that so?" Indignation mingled with surprise in the man's voice.

"It is."

"Then he must be discovered. Did you recognize him?"

Mr. Ellis held his breath. But the man did not reply.

"Was it Ellis?"

"God forbid that I should accuse any one! No, I do not believe it was Ellis."

It did not take long for the fact that a man had been seen near the mill, when the fire was first discovered, to reach every person in the crowd that stood around the smouldering ruins. And this fact was conclusive as to the incendiary origin of the fire. That settled, the next thing was to direct suspicion towards

an individual. From lip to lip the name of Thomas Ellis passed in whispered utterances. Some believed and some rejected the charge; nearly all were shocked and sorrowful—for Thomas Ellis stood without reproach among his neighbors. All knew him as a man of integrity and kindness. Instinctively men shrunk from him in the crowd, or glanced at him furtively, and with suspicion or accusation in their faces.

As the fire in the burning mill fell lower and lower, and night stole back again, spreading her dusky mantle over the hills and valleys, despair settled down upon the heart of Mr. Ellis. He felt that he was doomed. As he moved, men drew back from him. Returning over the stream, at the point where he had twice crossed it that night, he went with slow steps back to his home, feeling like a criminal with the law officers close upon his track.

(CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.)

THREE CHEERS FOR THE FLAG.

BY FANNY TRUE.

"Elijah D. Jenkins, of Henry county, Ill., was shot at Cotton Plant. The Company to which he belonged attempted to take him with them, although in a dying state. They stopped at a house on the road and carried him in. He grew pale, stared wildly around, and said to his comrades—'Raise me up boys, I want to give three cheers for the old flag!' and instantly expired."

Raise me up, comrades, one moment I ask,

Raise me up where I can see

Once more the old banner, our country's pride—

The glorious flag of the free.

Lift me up, boys, never mind the dark wound,

'Tis a soldier's death I shall die,

My soul is ablaze with a patriot fire,

At the rallying battle cry.

Raise me up, boys, ere my strength ebbs away,

I fear not the palsy of death,

But I give for our nation's grand old flag

Three cheers with my dying breath!

The bright eyes were closed, and the brave white lips,

That crushed back all weakness and pain,

Grew silent and rigid; his stiffened arm

Will shoulder no musket again!

Around him they gathered, those dear, true boys,

Choking down their wild sobs to hear

A murmuring echo the winds have caught

From the breath of that dying cheer.

No longer they listen, 'tis lost to them

In the roar of the battle's din,

But the shout rings down the glorified ranks

As his hero soul "falls in!"

CAMPAIGN SKETCHES. No. 3.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE U. S. SIGNAL CORPS.

BEN MATZEL'S RUSE.

"Welcome back to Boonville, Captain Ralph Collingwood! What is the word?"

"The word, John Bell, is simply this, if we intend to do anything we must be at it, man; 'up and at 'em,' old guard fashion. The country is in a blaze, John."

"You look jaded, Ralph—sit down. You find me in the old place. How goes recruiting? We have a hard time of it here, still we are doing something."

"I have traversed eleven counties, John, and I have got thirty-seven men. How many can I count on here?"

"We are thirty-eight."

"Good. I join Nelson or Shoepf in three days. Buckner *must* be driven out of the State at all hazards. Once fairly lodged, and we may lose it altogether. I find the people going over every hour. Buckner wiles our young men away by scores. We must be warned by Tennessee. See what Zollicoffer has been doing."

"Oh! I hope Shoepf will attend to his case; that little affair at Wild Cat rather helps us, though I am persuaded our men had the advantage of position. So you think the people are blindfolded?"

"They are lukewarm, or where they express an opinion it is invariably in favor of State Rights, or Southern Rights. State Rights, John Bell, will be the death of Kentucky, I am afraid."

"No, no! *never!* We will die first, Ralph, my hand on that."

"To come to business—how long will it take you to get your men together? Can you get them, say at Buffalo Creek, ready to march in two days?"

"In two hours."

"Come! that sounds like earnest. And now, have you wherewithal to satisfy a starving man, for I am half famished."

John Bell turned to a high cupboard in one corner of the room, saying—

"How is matters and things in Hardin county?"

"Deplorable—infamous!"

"Eh? Hardin gone backwards! didn't you look for aid there?"

"I have just made my escape from a gang of Hardin county cut-throats."

Bell started back and scrutinized his captain closely.

"I was pounced upon between Stephensburgh and Elizabethtown by a gang of seven ruffians, tied hand and foot on my horse, carried into Elizabeth, flung on a train bound for Bowling Green; but escaped from my captors by jumping from the train after applying the brakes—there's the story in a nut-shell."

"And your mare—Bess?"

"The scoundrels stole her. My bonny Bess—I'm afraid I'll never see her again!"

"You shall have another as good, if not better, captain, as sure as my name is John Bell."

At that instant a low knock came at the door of the cabin in which the speakers were seated.

"The string is on the right," said Bell, in an ordinary tone. "Oh! is it you, Matzel?" he continued, as he placed a bowl of milk beside the cold pie and meat in front of the captain. "Come and salute your captain—one of us, captain. Have you any news, Matzel?"

The light was rather dim, but Captain Collingwood fancied the boy blushed as he brought his hand up with a half military salute.

"I came to tell you that I think I know how we could capture a company of Colonel Williams' men. I got the idea accidentally."

"Speak out, Ben, don't hesitate—we will judge if it is feasible," said Bell, approvingly.

"I have ascertained that the company have their head quarters at Judge Embery's—they pretend, however, that they camp at a barn three miles distant. They are acting as a sort of an advance guard for Colonel Williams. By the merest chance I happen to know every inch of the ground. I was there one summer with an uncle—I think I could lead you to them."

John Bell looked at his captain, the latter was scrutinizing the countenance of the speaker.

"We can try it," said the captain, briefly.

"An awful hard road up there. What is your plan, Matzel?"

"Oh! it is very simple."

"The simpler the better."

"I thought of sending a portion of the company out on a false scent, say some favorable night; you could surround the balance without risking a shot."

"How would you send the party out?"

"To do that, I would have to impose on the captain."

"You?" queried Bell.

"Yes," quietly. "I think I could induce him to attempt Captain Collingwood's capture, for instance."

"You, Matzel?" again queried Bell, doubtfully.

"Why not I?" replied the boy, calmly.

"How?"

"By playing the spy and informer; is that plain enough?"

Bell clapped a hand on his thigh emphatically.

"That's the boy I hesitated about taking in with us, captain, on account of his tender years and delicate appearance. What do you think of him?"

"We certainly will take him then," responded Captain Collingwood; "and he shall lead us into Pike county. How old are you, Matzel?"

The query was put abruptly. Matzel hesitatingly replied—

"Sixteen, sir."

"I can trust you, Ben. I never was deceived in my life. When boys like you come out, the country is safe."

"For that matter, our captain is little more than a boy," said Bell, with a light laugh.

"How old are you, Ralph?"

"I was twenty-one last month," rejoined the captain. "I might be both older and wiser, but I have an abiding faith in youth and perseverance. Matzel, inform the rest of my arrival, and say that I desire to meet them, if it is convenient, to-night. Bell, your pie is famous—I'll take some more milk."

As the boy Matzel went out, the captain suddenly ceased eating.

"There is something very remarkable about that boy, Bell; where did you get him? I never met him before that I can remember."

"He is one of the Matzels up Wild Dog Creek. Never put eyes on him until he came to me the day you went away; but the family are sound—and I think he is."

"Sound! I would trust my life in that boy's keeping. The human eye cannot be misunderstood, if we only read it aright." And

Captain Collingwood resumed his attack upon the cold meat and pie with renewed vigor.

Kentucky, at the time we write, bid fair to become the seat of a bloody war. More than a month had elapsed since Zollicoffer had quietly taken possession of Barbourville, in a region thought to be inaccessible. He had attacked the Union forces at their camp at Wild Cat subsequently, a few days before our story opens, in the absence, as he supposed, of General Shœpf; but the latter arrived in time to thwart the wily editor's plans, striking the Rebels a heavy rap upon the knuckles for their temerity.

Colonel John S. Williams, with more than fifteen hundred men, pushed into Pike county, the most eastern in the State, and began to levy contributions from the inhabitants for the benefit of the Southern Confederacy, making his headquarters at Pikeville, on the Big Sandy. General William Nelson, one of our best naval officers, foreseeing the lengthy duration and nature of the war, gave up the command of a vessel for the command of a small army, which he collected about him at West Liberty, Salyersville and Prestonburgh. The forces on the Rebel side, as has usually been the case, were egregiously overestimated. Nelson had with him over two thousand men, which number every day received augmentation and greater strength by the decided action manifested by the loyal mountaineers, who flocked to his standard. His determination was, not so much to relieve the State from the grasp of Williams, as to secure Williams' entire force.

At the same time, Zollicoffer was every day gaining firmer footing and more adherents in the south-eastern portion of the State, while Simon Bolivar Buckner, assisted by ex-Congressman Hindman and Colonel Hardee, fulminated order upon order with imperturbable assurance and audacity along the great highway of the State, seated firmly on the middle of the south side of the State in their invincible entrenchments at Bowling Green. Such was the position of affairs in the "dark and bloody ground" at the time we write. The main body of Unionists were under the command of the immortal William Tecumseh Sherman, lying along the Louisville and Nashville Railway, from Shephardsville to Elizabethtown. The fight, people argued, would be for the great highway itself. Four-fifths of the Railroad remained in the Rebels' possession up to the first of March, '62.

"Will we meet here, or on the other side of the Creek. Of late, we are closely watched,

and I question the propriety of permitting everybody to know just how strong we are."

"We will meet across the Creek—at the old place—at twelve. I must go and see my uncle. Have the men there between eleven and twelve, probably I will not be gone an hour. There! What was that?" And Ralph Collingwood sprang to the door, quickly.

"John, I hear a cry over there."

"That's at Dearing's," said Bell, listening intently.

"A woman's shriek, John—have you—there, hand me one, the thieves stole that from me the first thing. Is it loaded? Come on then."

"One moment," responded Bell. Standing in the open door, folding his hands in such a manner that the middle joints of his thumbs placed side by side left a narrow opening, John Bell blew a hoarse blast, not unlike the scream of a locomotive.

"Is that a rallying signal?" inquired the captain, as his companion closed the door, and stood in a listening attitude.

"Yes; I taught it to them after you went away."

Again the shriek was repeated. Captain Collingwood could restrain himself no longer. Bounding down the road, he was quickly followed first by John Bell, then by a shadowy form that seemed to spring up from the roadside, then by another and another, until at last six fleet-footed men sped towards the Dearing farm with the rapidity inspired by courage and daring. Half a mile of a run only heated their blood. The first one over the Dearings' fence (he did not stop to go around by the gate) was Captain Ralph Collingwood. After him bounded five lithe figures—the next moment the rescuers were grappling with a band of midnight marauders. The elder Dearing lay along his own doorstep, weltering in his blood; the sons were overpowered by numbers when the crack of Captain Collingwood's revolver brought down the most prominent figure in the struggling group. In an instant the new comers were greeted with execrations and bullets; John Bell felt a tingling sensation in his left hand, and the man at his side suddenly dropped to the ground. The marauders, to the number of eight, fled to their horses, mounted and galloped off, leaving Captain Collingwood and his comrades masters of the field.

"This," said Ralph Collingwood, in a sad tone, "is a foretaste of what we may expect hereafter, when the Confederacy numbers as

many thousands of followers as it now numbers scores."

All the valuables belonging to the Dearings were strewn around the small enclosure in which Captain Collingwood and his party then stood. A watch here, silver spoons there, articles of apparel piled over on one side, a heterogeneous mass flung across the back of the finest horse belonging to the family, but which the thieves were unable to take off with them. And old Mr. Dearing lay dead, with his face turned to the retreating foe. Two young girls (they were motherless as well as fatherless) clung to the dead body, in silent, tearless agony. Captain Ralph Collingwood turned his head aside and wept at the sight.

Other neighbors came to the house, and Ralph Collingwood with his party silently withdrew. When they arrived at John Bell's cabin, Captain Collingwood was the first to break the ominous silence which reigned in the group.

"Comrades, I intended to call upon my kind uncle before speaking to you; but now I think the present time more suitable than perhaps any other hour I might select. Instead of meeting in the old place, bring in as many as you can find of our company here; tomorrow I hope we may be ready to move."

When he had done speaking, the men went out silently, leaving the captain alone with his lieutenant. Half an hour later, the little cabin was filled with eager, anxious faces, all looking towards Ralph Collingwood.

"Comrades, friends! I have been home just two hours, and in that short time I have seen a respectable citizen, a good neighbor and kind father, shot down at his own door-step like a dog, by a band of incarnate fiends under the guise of States' Rights men. Mr. Dearing—may his soul rest in peace—was guilty of the crime of loyalty to the flag his father helped to maintain—to the flag he himself fought under at Orleans. You all know I speak the truth. He never harmed anything human, save when he defended his country. We, comrades, are guilty of aiming at the same loyalty—we have formed ourselves into a company to do and die for the old flag. Tell me, can we ever find a more fitting opportunity to buckle on our armor than the present? With that dead face—with the eyes of those orphans, doubly orphaned now, appealing to us, can we hesitate a moment? Silence gives consent. I am proud—not vainly proud though, I hope, of having the honor to lead and command you. And my orders, comrades,

are these: Prepare to leave Booneville to-morrow morning at ten. It is true we are small in numbers; we must make up in heart for that, though. In two days, at farthest, I hope to count seventy of you—with a reasonable hope that we will one day amount to a hundred. Whether we join Nelson or Shoepf, depends wholly upon circumstances; but we may accomplish something as an independent company, that will warrant us in demanding the respect of all loyal men before joining either. That's all. Matzel, I wish to speak to you a moment."

The boy stood beside the door. As the rest went out in groups, he approached the captain.

"Matzel," said the captain, in a low tone, "I presume you have given this thing sufficient thought. A spy's death is horrible. His chances of detection manifold. Nerve, great nerve and fortitude are required sometimes—and you are quite young."

"So was Cassabianca—if the story be true."

"I hope no such fate awaits you, Matzel. And yet, I tell you frankly, I would act the spy in this cause—we must hold our lives cheap from this time forwards. Understand me—I have unbounded faith in you—I am rather pleased to see you evince the fire of a holy patriotism; but once more—are you sure that you can assume the character, and perform it well?"

"I can try, captain."

"Unless some great change occurs in the position of affairs, I hope to be in Prestonburgh in three days. In five, at farthest, the remainder of the company will be there. In the meantime, learn all you can; I will wait for you at Prestonburgh."

The mountain roads and tortuous paths converging towards Prestonburgh during the latter part of October, and up to the eighth of November, 1861, were almost wholly traversed by armed men. Not a day, not an hour, but groups of threes, fives and sevens, chiefly mounted, but many afoot, toiled over the rugged roads leading towards Prestonburgh. There worked the energetic, persevering, and audacious Nelson, equipping, organizing and mobilizing his little army. He had brief time to work in. The imperturbable Williams was leisurely robbing Pike and Floyd counties, and but for the nature of the roads, doubtless would have extended his operations to Breathitt county.

On the third of November, Captain Ralph Collingwood, at the head of forty as fine-looking men as ever vaulted a saddle, entered Prestonburgh in the gray of the evening. Ascertaining that Nelson was at that time at Paintville, he quartered his men at Miles' Coal Mines. A little later that night, twenty mounted men entered the town on the Salyersville road, inquiring for Captain Collingwood. The residents directed them to the Coal Mines. Still later, three more groups, of five, seven and nine mounted men, all from the Jackson road, were directed to Captain Collingwood's quarters. By ten the next morning, he had eighty trusty men about him, all well armed. Ben Matzel made his appearance upon the evening of the fifth—the same night Ralph Collingwood moved out upon the Pikeville road, up Beaver creek, across the Hazard pike, and out towards Morgan's Fork, where he concealed his men, in accordance with the suggestion he received from Matzel.

Upon the morning of the sixth, a rather pretty girl, with her hair done up in a net, and wearing a broad-brimmed straw hat, but evincing the native modesty of an unsophisticated country girl, rode up to Captain Hart's quarters, near the Whitesburgh road, and snugly ensconced between two mountain spurs. This was Colonel Williams' advance guard. They numbered a hundred men; but Captain Hart rarely ever found fifty at hand; the remainder devoting their time to stealing and despoiling their friends as well as foes—a characteristic the Rebels have been somewhat noted for wherever the din of arms has reached.

The young lady demanded to be presented to Captain Hart. The Captain, somewhat surprised, advanced to meet her, waiving aside the guard who obstructed her advance.

"Can I speak with you five minutes, Captain Hart?"

"Certainly."

"Alone?"

"I presume you do not meditate anything dangerous," replied the captain, with his most agreeable smile. "Dismount here—you can speak to me in Judge Embery's parlor."

"It is not necessary to go there," replied the girl, in visible perturbation. "I see we are out of hearing here. I came to ask you to send down your men to Prebles' Farm to-night."

"To Prebles! Is your name Prebles? I have heard of your family—a daughter of Stephen Prebles. Well, Miss Prebles," with

a gay laugh and a leer, "what have you down there for us?"

"You will find a lot of Nelson's men there. They called at our place (half a dozen of them) and bought some bread and eggs—I suppose they didn't know you were so handy—the rest were out, but I heard them talking about old Christy's Park House. They are coming there to-night, with their captain—Captain Collingwood—do you know him? No? Well, I hurried and saddled the horse and come off to tell you—there'll be twenty of them, counting their captain. Don't you think you ought to bring your whole company down?"

"You seem very positive about their number."

"Yes, they said the rest were going out somewhere with General Nelson. And they move somewhere else to-morrow, positively. But they didn't know I overheard that."

"Well, perhaps I can spare twenty or thirty men to go down to-night—but you must not mention this to a soul, Miss Prebles. Secrecy, *secrecy* is the word with us."

"Only thirty! Can't you capture every one of them? Send down the whole company—don't let a man of them off, Captain Hart!" exclaimed the young lady, vehemently.

"Never fear! We will attend to them—at Christy's Park House. I have it! We will cut off their retreat below the Park. At what hour do they come out?"

"They said after dark."

"Well, well, I will be everlastingly obliged to you, Miss Prebles. I like to meet girls of your stamp. Shall I see you home—at least a part of the way? I must insist on it, Miss Prebles. I will accompany you to the road, at least."

And the gay captain mounted his horse and strove to render himself as agreeable as he possibly could while escorting the young lady to the main road, chattering, uttering soft nothings, and assuring his fair companion that success would in a very short time crown the Rebel arms. He said a great many things that he afterwards wished were unsaid—hints concerning his superior's movements, the numbers of the men they had, and their aids and abettors—all tabooed subjects with a good soldier. And his blushing companion talked about the *society* in that neighborhood; the last fashions; the weather; everything, in short, but the matter that was at that moment nearest her heart.

So it was finally agreed between them that

Captain Hart would send down forty of his men just after dark, to a secluded spot a little distance *above* the Park (Miss Prebles' suggestion). Miss Prebles caught the outstretched hand that was reached towards her, shook it gently, and rode quickly down the road, leaving the gallant captain gazing after her like a true lover.

"A little this way, captain—to your right. Here is the spot I thought of tying our horses."

"Dearing! Trett! I leave the horses in your charge. *Dismount!* Now, men, silence. Follow me."

Cautiously, yet rapidly, the figures flitted through the heavy foliage. The night was dark and calm. Not a star visible. Over fallen timber, immense rocks, and rough, jagged ground, the stalwart figures, now crouching beneath a trailing vine, now springing almost gayly over a log, and assuming at times prodigious proportions, at other times fantastical in the shadowy gloom, Captain Collingwood and his brave men pressed close upon the footsteps of their guide, Ben Matzel.

"At the signal, captain, remember. You had better station John Bell here, while we circle around to the left. We must make a complete circle. The Rebels will be here in less than half an hour."

Eighty dim figures crouched close upon the ground. Eighty-two hands sought as many revolvers; there was a peculiar click, then eighty pair of eyes were strained in the deepening gloom towards one spot—the Hazard road. Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes passed. Some of the watchers imagined the trees around them were assuming life and motion; some of them fancied they saw dim objects moving rapidly across the road towards them.

Every falling leaf, every muffled noise (and the forest is full of such sounds), caused a score of heads to turn. Postures were changed, from the right to the left knee; from the knees prone upon the ground; from the right side to the left. What is so exciting as lying in ambush?

Suddenly all fancies vanished. A muffled sound, the movement of many feet on the well-travelled, dusty road below them, approached rapidly. Nearer and nearer, with a muttered order and a hushed whispering, came the shuffling feet. Now and then the clink of a spur. The breathless watchers strained every nerve as they heard the order, in a suppressed tone—

"Keep close, men—success depends upon

our silence. Let not a man speak until I give the order. Look to your arms once more. *Fresh cap!* I want no hang-fire to-night. Now then, First Platoon."

There was the crack of a twig, followed by the deep voice of Captain Collingwood—

"You are surrounded—surrender! Close in, my men."

"Whoever attempts escape does it at his peril," added John Bell.

The Rebels attempted to disperse; but, hemmed in upon every side, they reluctantly succumbed without so much as a struggle. Fifty strong men, with their captain, Hart, were disarmed in a moment's time, and led to the place where Captain Collingwood's men had left their horses, where, after placing a sufficient guard over them, and starting them towards Prestonburgh, Captain Collingwood next turned his attention to the party stationed at Judge Embery's.

A steady trot, a gallop that fell off into a steady pace, brought sixty men within a mile of the Rebel head-quarters. Here Ben Matzel proposed to dismount; the remainder of the enterprise was conducted on foot. Guided by Matzel, who knew every turn and nook about the premises, the party noiselessly surrounded the camp, which stood within pistol-shot of Judge Embery's residence. At a given signal the Unionists rushed forward; the drowsy Rebels, astounded and bewildered by the suddenness of the attack, had scarcely time to fire a gun; there was a few sharp reports, some deep imprecations; but nothing that could be properly termed a conflict—it was all too brief to deserve the term, and, with a few exceptions, Captain Hart and his company were prisoners under the daring young Kentuckian, who had not lost a man.

Back, on the wings of the wind, to Beaver Creek Valley, with neither check of rein or spur. Back in a steady trot to the Prestonburgh road, where they overtook the first party captured, then in an unbroken trot to Prestonburgh—a severe test for horses and men, for the roads were exceedingly rugged and unequal. With the gray of the morning, Captain Collingwood reported to General Nelson.

"What!" said that off-handed, outspoken, but high-minded man, "you have dared to anticipate me, sir! Captured a company of the Rebels without my permission, and while I was asleep!" Then with an oath, "I suppose you ought to command here. I'll attend to your case, young man—I will, by the Eternal. If the Government don't commission you as

colonel, then I will, slapping Collingwood on the back in his familiar way.

"I am not entitled to all the glory, General, here is the boy who planned the entire affair," touching Matzel on the shoulder.

Nelson scrutinized the youth closely, his swarthy face relaxed, and his beautiful teeth gleamed roguishly as he caught Matzel's chin in his great hand as he would that of a child's, saying—

"I never seen a better eye for horses—you are a connoisseur; that lot you brought in ought to be worth ten thousand dollars. We'll see what we can do for you. With a thousand men like yours, Collingwood, I'll undertake to wipe every last man of the scoundrels out of Kentucky."

Colonel Williams, however, preferred to retreat. As Nelson's command was marching through Prestonburgh on the 8th of November, Williams made a forced march towards Pound Gap, through which he passed on the morning of the 9th, and Nelson turned his attention to other matters.

ADVANTAGES OF CRYING.—A French physician is out in a long dissertation on the advantages of groaning and crying in general, and especially during surgical operations. He contends that groaning and crying are the two grand operations by which nature allays anguish; that those patients who give way to their natural feelings more speedily recover from accidents and operations than those who suppose it unworthy to betray such symptoms of cowardice as either to groan or cry. He tells of a man who reduced his pulse from one hundred and twenty-six to sixty, in the course of two hours, by giving full vent to his emotions. If people feel at all unhappy about anything, let them go to their rooms and comfort themselves with a loud bohoo, and they will feel a hundred per cent. better afterwards. In accordance with the above, the crying of children should not be greatly discouraged. If it is systematically suppressed the result may be St. Vitus' Dance, epileptic fits, or some other disease of the nervous system. What is natural is nearly always useful; and nothing can be more natural than the crying of children when anything occurs to give them either physical or mental pain. Probably most persons have experienced the effect of tears in relieving great sorrow. It is even curious how the feelings are allayed by free indulgence in groans and sighs.

KINGS AND QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

GEORGE II.

George Augustus Guelph succeeded his father, June 11, 1727, when he was forty-four years of age. His mother was the Princess Sophia Dorothea, of Zell, and a cousin of his father. She was never permitted to appear at his father's court in England, which the nobility and even the common people greatly regretted, as they always wanted their queen to reside among them. George II. doted on his mother, and a great misunderstanding took place between him and his father on her account, before George I. became king of England. Every feeling and attachment of George II. was completely German, like his father. They both thought Hanover far preferable to England. At the time of the death of George I., he was on his way to Hanover, and died at the palace of his brother, who was Bishop of Osnaburg, in Germany.

George II. was of middle height, well-shaped, upright, his eyes and nose prominent, and his complexion fair. His conduct was always guided by reason, though his temper was hasty. His abilities were inferior to those of his father, and he was wholly regardless of science or literature. In his mode of living he was temperate and regular, and all his affairs presented an example of economy which few of his subjects were careful to imitate. Some even considered him parsimonious; but he never encroached on private property, nor interfered with the legal administration of justice. He hoarded not to enrich his subjects, but himself.

When George II. came to the throne, it was a season of public peace and prosperity, and little occurred for many years to disturb it, owing to the pacific measures of his minister, Sir Robert Walpole, who had risen from low beginnings through two successive reigns into great consideration. His administration was a continual contest with a formidable opposition, but for many years he kept his place at the head of the treasury. His discourse was fluent, but without dignity, and his manner of reasoning calm and convincing from its apparent want of art; and by his negotiations, he preserved the tranquillity of the British empire and of Europe. This was a period of happiness to the nation generally, but political

contests were carried on with great animosity, and a spirit of avarice and rapacity reigned among those in power. Six members of Parliament were expelled for fraud, and a company called the Charitable Corporation defrauded many unsuspecting people, and reduced them to great distress, and forgeries were not uncommon.

Sir Robert Walpole had many enemies, and finally was obliged to resign on account of his taking the king's part in a quarrel between him and his son Frederick, Prince of Wales, who was a great favorite with the people; they considering him possessed of an excellent character. Walpole was the prime minister during the first half of this reign, and when he resigned, the king made him Earl of Orford.

The government of England was next administered by William Pitt, one of the most distinguished of British statesmen and orators, whose private character was stained by no vice, and sullied by no meanness. There were two celebrated men by this name—the elder, known as Lord Chatham, and the younger, who was the second son of the former, and who was equally distinguished in the cabinet and in the forum. Chatham was honored with a public funeral, and a magnificent monument in Westminster Abbey. The opposition of Lord Chatham to the oppressive and unjust measures of the government with regard to the American Colonies, made him a favorite with the people of this country, and many places are called, after his title, Chatham. In the town of Dedham, Mass., a granite pillar was erected in honor of Mr. Pitt's exertions for the repeal of the Stamp Act, in July, 1766, bearing suitable inscriptions, and replaced July 4, 1828. This stone is opposite the residence of John Gardner, a few yards north of the railroad depot, and in front of the court-house.

In 1755 the French made war upon what were then British colonies, and are now the United States, and this led to a war which involved all Europe. Washington first distinguished himself at this time, and the French power was annihilated in Canada and the Colonies. Hanover was also recovered from the French, but its possession has never been

any advantage to England, as it has involved the country in quarrels very frequently.

In 1740, Charles VI., Emperor of Germany, died, and as he had no son, he left his dominions to his daughter, Maria Theresa, the wife of Francis of Lorraine; but her right to the crown was disputed by the next heir, the Elector of Bavaria. George II. supported her claim that he might preserve the Electorate of Hanover, which was in danger from the war, and maintain the balance of power in Europe, nearly all its states being involved in the quarrel. He commanded his army in person, and displayed great bravery in the battle of Dettingen. This was the last time that a king of England exposed himself in battle. In 1748 the claim of Maria Theresa to the throne was confirmed. This was called the war of the Austrian succession, and it cost England large bodies of troops, and immense sums of money. In 1745 there were violent contests in Parliament, and great dissatisfaction among the people, on account of the men and money annually sent out of the kingdom, and the friends of James Francis Edward Stuart, who was called the Pretender, believed if he should visit England it would produce a general rising of the people in his favor; but James had been so unsuccessful in his former attempt to obtain the crown, that he had no wish to attempt it again. He therefore deputed Charles Edward, his elder son, to be his representative. Everything seemed favorable for the enterprise; the king was in Hanover, and the ministers and Parliament disputing; but though he met with some success in the beginning of the war, he was finally entirely defeated by William, the second son of George II., in the battle of Culloden. The victor practised great cruelty, not only on the prisoners, but on the inhabitants for nearly fifty miles around where the battle occurred. His name was execrated, and an indelible stain fixed on his memory. This was the last battle ever fought on the island of Great Britain, and the last effort made by the Stuarts to recover the throne. After suffering great hardships, Charles Edward returned to France, and took the name of Count d'Albany. He died in 1784, leaving no children. His brother Henry, Cardinal of York, died at a very advanced age, and the family became extinct.

It was in this reign that the "new style" was adopted in England. From the time of Julius Cæsar, the year had been reckoned eleven minutes longer than it really was, which in 1572

not use the "new style" till 1752, when the eleven days were taken out of September, the day after the second being called the fourteenth. The year, which till that time had been reckoned to begin on the twenty-fifth of March, has since been computed from the first of January, which was a very injudicious change. Lord Clive in this reign did much to establish the British empire in India.

The Parliament of 1749 was distinguished by the boldest measure of finance that ever took place in any country. The interest of the national debt was reduced from four to three per cent. Those creditors who did not accede to the arrangement were to be paid their principals. Nearly all consented to continue their money in the funds—a circumstance that astonished all Europe. The next year his royal highness Frederick, Prince of Wales, died, in the thirty-fifth year of his age. The people sincerely mourned their loss. His son George, afterwards George III., was then eleven years of age, and was the oldest of nine children. The names of the others were Edward, William Henry, Henry Frederick, Frederick William, Augusta, Caroline, Louisa and Matilda. Augusta married the Duke of Brunswick, and Matilda the King of Denmark. The wife of Frederick, Prince of Wales, was a princess of Saxe-Gotha.

George II. died October 25, 1760, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, and the thirty-fourth of his reign, without any previous sickness. He was at his palace of Kensington, in apparent health, when, as he was standing by a window, he fell, and almost instantly expired. His reign was prosperous, and the nation advanced in wealth, refinement and power.

CAROLINE WILHELMINA, QUEEN OF GEORGE II.

Caroline was the daughter of the Margrave of Anspach, and was born in 1683. Her father died when she was very young. She was educated by her aunt, the accomplished Sophia Charlotte, a sister of George I., and wife of Frederick, King of Prussia. The Queen of Prussia was very amiable, and was honored and beloved for her patronage of literature, science and the arts. She died in 1715, the same year that Caroline married her cousin George, then electoral Prince of Hanover. Caroline had great influence over the mind, actions and manners of her husband. She was very discreet and learned, and encouraged science and men of letters. She united brilliant beauty and great goodness of heart to a strong understanding. She de-

lighted to converse with men of science, and her pavilion at Richmond was adorned by the busts of Bacon, Newton, Locke, Pope, Addison and others. She appreciated the talents and acquirements of Sir Isaac Newton, and admired his gentleness of temper and extreme modesty, and often invited him to her residence. Newton was born on Christmas day, 1642. His death and that of George I. occurred on the same day, when Sir Isaac was nearly eighty-five years of age. Historians say he was a most sincere and humble Christian.

Caroline died November 20, 1737, and the king's grief for her loss was sincere and excessive, though he had not always treated her with tenderness. She refused to see her son Frederick, Prince of Wales, on her death-bed, but sent him her blessing and forgiveness. She also declined partaking of the Sacrament. Queen Caroline left seven children—Frederick, William, Anna, Amelia, Caroline, Mary and Louisa. Anna married the Prince of Orange; Mary the Prince of Hesse Cassel; and Louisa the King of Denmark.

DELAFIELD, Wis.

We take from a recent number of the N. Y. Independent, this little poem, so full of comfort to the tried and tempted:—

DYING DEATHS DAILY.

Into a sorrow-darkened soul
A vision full of peace there stole.

An Angel stood beside her way,
As forth she went at dawn of day,

And said—"Oh, weary and oppressed!
Know that at evening thou shalt rest.

"The cross of iron, the crown of thorn,
The weight of anguish thou hast borne

"And e'en the sins thou hatest, all
From off thy weary soul shall fall;

"To life, and love, and peace, restored,
Within the presence of thy Lord."

Then thankfulness and glad surprise
Flowed from the sorrow-laden eyes.

"With hope so near of rest," said she,
No sorrow more shall dwell with me.

"No weight of care, no shade of gloom
Can pass the portal of the tomb;

"And light as air, I'll urge my way,
If burdens fall at close of day."

The Angel lingered, and a smile
Dawned o'er his pitying face the while.

"Oh, weak of heart and hope," he said,
"Deem'st thou all peace is with the dead?"

"Or that thy Lord can dwell more near
To saints in bliss than toilers here?"

"If but thou diest day by day,
To sins that clog thy homeward way,

"Each night shall be a grave of care,
Each morn thy resurrection fair.

"And daily be thy strength restored
By the dear presence of thy Lord."

E. T.

"MY THOUGHTS ARE PRAYERS, VIOLA." Zanoni.

BY ELIZA H. BARKER.

Yes; let thy thoughts be prayers, and deep
within thee

May God's eternal effluence ever rest;
Let not the things of earth have power to win
thee,
Nor cast their shadows on thy trusting breast.

Yes; let thy thoughts be prayers, and ever
springing

To Him thy Friend and Father, let them rise,
Like the glad birds, their songs of incense singing,
Though bound to earth, to soar unto the skies.

Yes, let thy thoughts be prayers, though some-
times o'er thee

Darkness may cast its shadows on thy way,
Like evening clouds they'll roll themselves before
thee,
And add but brightness to thy setting day.

"SHE'LL BE AN OLD MAID."

What a pity it is, good friends, when you meet
With a maiden industrious, and modest, and neat,
Whose wardrobe's a pattern of order and care,
Whose dresses look never a bit worse for wear,
Who cares not for gayety, pomp or parade,
That you instantly say, "Oh, she'll be an old maid!"

If she dare wear a bonnet that's two winter's old;
If she sings without saying she's "got a bad cold;"
If she knows not the latest new polka and song;
If she dare take a walk in boots thick and strong;
If she knows not in what the new bride is array'd;
"Oh, surely," you say, "she'll be an old maid!"

"OUR BIDDY."
COUSINS AND COURTING.

BY M. E. B.

Naturalists and poets have assured us from time immemorial that there is no rose, however beautiful in form, or exquisite in perfume, but about it, somewhere, 'neath tinted petal or emerald leaf, there lurks a cruel thorn; and long experience and careful observation testify to a corresponding fact in human nature, viz., that there never was yet an Irish rose of a Biddy—neat, tidy, quick, handy, and a perfect treasure in every respect, who was not sure, sooner or later, to develop that dreaded, hateful thorn—a masculine cousin. It may be big, swaggering Mike, a farm-hand, with pimpled face, and celestial nose, who looks side-ways out of his red eyes, and brings huge clods of snow in upon the kitchen carpet; or, perchance, a young operative in a factory, a half-way dandy, whose locks are moistened with a preparation suggestive of kerosene oil and beeswax, after whose visits the ginger cakes in the pantry and the citron preserves in the closet are remarked to be growing "beautifully less;" or possibly it is long, lank, lean Pat, who hangs over the back gate "o' nights," and induces the children, with the persuasion of sugar-plums, to tell Biddy that "her coosin is afther waitin' outside for her."

One or more of these invaders of the domestic peace is sure to disturb the serenity of your mind just as the new servant is fairly initiated, trained into all your pet notions and fancies, and you confidently remark to your next door neighbor, that you have at last secured a paragon in your kitchen.

Of course "Our Biddy" had a cousin. Where she found him, or how the relationship first developed itself, we were never able to discover. What witch, with more powers than the well remembered hag of Hawthorne's tale, conjured up from such ingredients as a pumpkin, a broomstick, a bundle of hay, and a little well adjusted brass, this blood relation of our blooming Biddy, it was quite impossible for us to conjecture. How he was ultimately disposed of it is my purpose to relate here.

The certainty of the existence of such an individual dawned upon us long ere we chanced to see him. New articles of adornment found their way into Biddy's chamber. A sixpenny looking-glass set round with gilt

was fastened on the wall above her toilette table. On returning from a party at "the block," to which she had been invited, she brought with her a sugar heart of mammoth dimensions, which with its bleeding arrow-pierced surface was for many months the striking ornament of her little bedroom. A yellow gauze ribbon, which on "high days and holidays" she wore about her neck, had a very suspicious appearance, and in the meantime Biddy was becoming extremely absent-minded. She had boiled the potatoes in the tea-kettle upon two distinct occasions, had seasoned the squashes with sugar instead of salt, and was altogether, we thought, rapidly losing the knowledge which a year's experience had taught her. A brass filagree breast-pin, in flaming device of hearts and cherubs, appeared one day as the finishing touch of a very elaborate toilette, and an injudicious inquiry from one of the younger members of the family, concerning the conspicuous ornament, brought a flush to Biddy's face, which spread from the innocent cause of her confusion up into the very roots of her auburn hair, as she replied that her "coosin" had given it to her. And so the mystery was out at last. Not long thereafter the unknown admirer became a visitor in our kitchen, and this fact was the subject of another little domestic episode between Mr. Ewing and myself, he fiercely protesting that such visits should not be allowed, and I maintaining on the contrary the right and propriety of such proceeding, arguing that it was but natural for all young people of Biddy's age to form attachments, which it were much better should come under my supervision than be clandestinely pursued, closing with a tender appeal to the remembrance of his own younger days and youthful hopes and fond affections. This reference and comparison evidently did not please my lord and master, since his nasal organ took a vertical elevation, and his whole countenance bore an expression of extreme disgust. But as usual, I was left to follow my own inclinations.

Now I heartily detest a match-maker. A woman who will take upon herself the responsibility of bringing two human souls together in the holy bonds of matrimony, deserves the

censure and scorn of every true woman, and the strategy and artifices employed by some ambitious mothers to secure rich alliances for their children, are truly deplorable. But when one detects a lurking tenderness between two young hearts, it is pleasant to watch the growth of such affection, the rich development of young buds of love, and there surely can be no harm in bringing together two persons whom you see to be exactly suited to each other, not of course with a view to matrimony, but merely as affording an opportunity for interchange of congenial sentiment. Something like the foregoing I had said to Mr. Ewing on a previous occasion, when there was a runaway marriage in the town, and the parties had unfortunately chanced to meet at our house two or three times previous to the lamentable event. Mr. E—— actually had the hardihood at that time to call me a match-maker, which I of course (as you would have done, dear reader) indignantly denied, adding, moreover, that I did not at all regret the affair, since everybody knew old Croesus' only objection to the bridegroom was the fact that his great-grandfather had been a tin-peddler, which in our land should rather be a credit to the young man than otherwise.

But I am wandering from Biddy and her objectionable relative. I did not intend of course to so far depart from my womanly dignity, as in the least to interfere in the "affaires de cœur" of my servants, but naturally feeling a great interest in my protégé, for whom I had suffered so much personal and domestic inconvenience, I determined when suitable opportunity offered, to gain a good look at the individual in question, and if he proved comely and prepossessing, to allow Biddy certain little privileges on this account; but if on the contrary he should prove objectionable, I resolved to refuse him at once admittance to the kitchen.

Upon the occasion of his first visit, therefore, I stepped casually into the department of the "cuisine" to give Biddy the necessary directions concerning breakfast. The girl was moving energetically about between sink and range, washing up the tea-service and arranging the room for the night, while nothing except an unusual nervousness in her manner would indicate the presence of a stranger. I did not discover the visitor at once, but a close scrutiny revealed him at last to my astonished gaze, for there sat as ugly a specimen of the genus, homo; species, Irish; variety, Corkite, as one could possibly conceive. He was evi-

dently a "greenhorn," and that of the most discouraging sort. Over a low forehead fell a shock of coarse sandy hair, freckles adorned his flabby cheeks in lavish profusion, while from his mouth protruded two huge incisors, over which it were hardly possible to close the short upper lip. An odor of tobacco hung around the creature as he sat leaning forward, his elbows on his knees and his hands falling loosely in front, as in perfect silence he stared at the floor, only varying his occupation by casting occasional admiring glances at the comely figure of the maid-of-all-work as she passed before him.

I felt at once indignant. That such an ungainly, misshapen clod of humanity should pretend to lay claim to a fresh, blooming, attractive girl like "our Biddy," roused all my woman's ire, and I mentally resolved upon the immediate destruction of any little plans which he might have based upon the ultimate possession of my protégé.

I retreated to the sitting-room once more, but my anger soon cooled down into amusement at the novel courtship which was progressing in the kitchen. Through the china-closet communicating by means of a sliding panel with the outer room, I was unwittingly made a third party to the interesting events transpiring so near me.

Biddy bustled about among the dishes with an alacrity and force which made me tremble lest it should result in the utter demolition of the entire set of china. Only once did her guest venture a remark.

"It's a handy girl ye are anyhow, Biddy," to which the modest sweetheart replied—

"Arrah, have done with your blarney now, Pat O'Leary, will yez."

After this conversational effort there fell a deeper silence between the two than before, and the cups and saucers rattled as though a small earthquake had broken loose among them. But all earthly things (and occupations) find an end at last, and Biddy could no longer polish her embarrassment into the china, or scour it out on the teapots, or whisk it into the air off the end of her dish-cloth, for the last spoon was cleansed and laid away with due precision, the sink washed and scrubbed, the cloths hung in appropriate places, dresser and closet arranged in perfect order. There followed a season of most profound silence.

We have all doubtless many times remarked these peculiar *tells*, which are sure to fall upon a company busily engaged in conversation,

when without any apparent cause a dead silence succeeds the busy hum of voices and the merry laughter of youth; when, if you are host or hostess, you search in vain among your scattered ideas for something which would be exactly appropriate to bring forward at this juncture. The "weather" seems worn out and common-place; personal inquiries would be too abrupt and conspicuous, and you fear the sound of your own voice in the stillness. If there is an indiscreet, forward youth present, most likely he will begin to twirl his thumbs and say "Quaker meetin'," with a suggestive leer around into the solemn faces of the company; or some young dandy stretches out his plaster-white hands for inspection, with the wretched pun, "awful pause (paws):" or some simple minded, indiscreet young woman, who lisps by the way, says, as though one had never heard the same application of the remark before—"there is always a calm after a storm." No one smiles at these fruitless attempts at wit except it be commiseratingly upon the perpetrators thereof, and you begin to get nervous and are thinking up some gentle approaches to the last Sunday's sermon, when presently a good Samaritan in a distant corner makes a remark to his neighbor, and by easy stages the talk runs into the same uninterrupted flow as before.

Biddy had reached a lull—not in conversation, for between them there had been as yet no such intercourse, except the few brief sentences here recorded—but to her there had evidently come an embarrassing pause in occupation, and her movements for a few minutes betrayed an indecision quite foreign to our straight-forward, active domestic. Suddenly, a bright idea seemed to have seized her. She stepped hastily across the floor and grasped the broom. How I wished she would, with vigorous application of this woman's weapon, assist to a speedy exit the great behemoth who sat basking his brains over the fire, and taking mental account no doubt of Biddy's good qualities, and even thinking perhaps that she should some day wash up his pewter dishes and sweep up his cabin floor. But a summary disposal of her "coosin" was evidently not Biddy's intention. No doubt she loved the creature, strange as it may seem, and had in tender fancies clothed his ugliness with all the graces and perfections it were possible to bestow on man. Intelligent ladies have done this. Why should not Biddy? Our heroine was not a drawing-room belle, and could not sit and easily chat the hours away on the last

new opera, the fall fashions, the weather and other abstruse subjects, nor could she charm him with her accomplishments, so she had recourse to the broom to conceal maidenly confusion, and a most stirring appeal she made with it. Whisk, whisk it went over the kitchen floor, brushing up every stray waif and particle of dust in its way, wielded by a strong energetic hand. This proceeded several minutes, being terminated at last by a tremendous sneeze, and a noise of shuffling feet as the visitor rose to take leave of his fair entertainer.

"I blave I'll be afther goin' now, Biddy."

"Good night thin, to yez," said Biddy.

There was no deceptive urging to stay, no smooth-tongued, honeyed invitation to come again, as he passed beyond the portal, but one might almost have imagined him an unwelcome guest, such alacrity did his sweetheart display in opening the door for his departure. As he halted on the door-step there was a startled movement, a suspicious sound, and a modest "go 'long wid ye now," from the maiden, which brought back to me afresh a flush of indignation. My cheeks were crimson, and so were Biddy's when a moment after she came in to fill the coal-scuttle for the night.

"Who was the young man in the kitchen this evening?" I inquired, a little sternly.

"Only me coosin, ma'am."

"I cannot allow strangers in the house, Biddy."

"Yes, ma'am," returned she, meekly, as she left the room.

As the door closed I thought I heard a smothered chuckle behind me. Turning quickly around I found Mr. Ewing smiling vacantly into the daily paper.

"At what were you laughing," said I, rather testily.

"Oh, at something very amusing I found here."

"Mr. Ewing," returned I, "you are practising a gross deception, that paper is upside down, and you are gazing at the religious notices."

He was silenced at once.

Not many days after, appearing suddenly in the kitchen, I found Biddy dissolved in tears, the briny element mingling with the soap-suds as she leaned over her wash-tubs.

"What is the matter," I asked at once.

"Oh, nothing, ma'am."

But a little urging elicited, amidst many sobs and much hesitation, the following tale:

"It's all Pat O'Leary, so it is, an' bad luck

to him. For whin I tould him that ye said he must not coom again, he said I should lave me place, an' you, an' all the blissed childher: indade he did that, ma'am. An' whin I tould him that I niver would do that for forty Pat O'Learys, he said he should not be me coosin any more, an' I should give him back the things he gave me, ma'am. An' whin I tuk the bit o' glass, the ribbon, an' the sugar, nothing would do him but the party brist-pin, too; an' he's going to marry Norah Connelly. an' she'll have the ribbon an' the brist-pin. an' all—oh, dear!" Here the feelings became too deep for utterance. But I was able to administer much consolation in the promise of a new brooch, which in beauty and costliness should far exceed the one so much lamented. Poor Biddy! It was the first trinket she had ever possessed, and it had attained undue importance in her estimation—even rivalling in her affection the lover who had given it.

The event was not without its moral reflections. I thought, as I went back to my room, whether Biddy's experience had not its counterpart in polite society. I wondered if there were not comely, young and pretty girls lured by a few bright trinkets to the side of coarse, repulsive, soulless men. I wondered if they, like Biddy, had not for the moment deceived themselves into the belief that they really loved the creatures who had purchased them, and if like her, when trial came, they would be true to their nobler instincts and reject the baubles, clinging to true affection.

For Biddy had experienced a sore temptation, and I of course could not but be highly gratified with the result, as a proof of her attachment to me and mine. Nor did we ever have occasion to regret it. Pat O'Leary was married in a fortnight, and it was a long time before "Our Biddy" found another "coosin."

LINES TO MARY.

BY FRANZIE G. MARRIS.

'Twas a sultry day in summer,
And I left the dusty street,
For a place of meditation,
A shady, cool retreat.

I sat beneath the shadow
Of a grand old maple tree,
And the past, like ocean billows,
Came drifting back to me.

This tall tree turned a sapling,
And trembled in the sun;

The brambles by the road-side,
Their lives had just begun.

While a band of merry children,
From a school had been set free,
With a shout of youthful gladness,
And a song of childish glee.

And up the narrow pathway
Where now I sat alone—
With baskets fully laden,
They ventured, one by one.

I saw my own face mirrored
Within a limpid pool,
'Twas pale with eyes quite lustrous,
As when I went to school.

The little hands were chubby,
The figure, rather slim,
The dress my mother made me,
Looked very neat and trim.

I scrambled up the hillside,
Grasping a slender stalk,
And resting on this playground,
I sat upon this rock.

And oh, what happy children,
So busy, blithe and free,
Building our mimic houses,
Beneath that sapling tree!

The travellers often cheered us,
As they saw us there at play,
And we wondered then the reason,
But I know why to day.

But while I saw this vision,
A shout was borne to me;
The past, like ocean billows,
Went rolling back to sea.

Again the school-room opened,
And forth an unknown band
Came gliding out before me—
Each grasped the other's hand.

No longer bent the sapling,
It waved a spreading tree,
And cast "a goodly shadow,"
That far o'ersheltered me.

This rock alone's unchanging,
Few furrows I can trace,
Upon the granite surface,
Of its bold and rugged face.

Time's flight is ever onward,
Alone I seem to be,
But the waves will soon be coming,
And drifting out with me.

BELMONT.

LAY SERMONS.

PHARISEE AND PUBLICAN.

"Did you observe the manner in which Mrs. Brentwood treated Mary Clive?"

"Yes."

"I wonder what she can mean by it? She pulled her dress away when Mary sat down on the sofa near her, as though taint were in the touch of her garment. Her bearing was cold and repellent."

"Mary Clive is, in everything that goes towards excellence of character, her superior," said the other.

"So I read the two women," answered the first speaker. "I know them both intimately. Mrs. Brentwood is worldly, selfish and critical in her estimates of other people; readier to see evil than good. She has an active, but not a reflective mind—sees a great deal on the outside of things, but is away from her element and loses herself, when she attempts to go alone beneath the surface. She has no deep experiences; no fierce conflicts; no great trials and temptations. She has not passed through the fire; and, in my opinion, the reason is clear—there is not fine gold enough in her character to stand the fire. She would be consumed in the furnace out of which such women as Mary Clive come, purified for Heaven."

"Do you know anything of Mary Clive's early life?" asked the other.

"No. I take her as I find her. That she has passed through trials and temptations, any one can see. She has suffered, and grown strong, and pure, and sweet. Her inner life touches your life, and you feel better for the contact. An hour passed with Mary Clive is never an hour lost. Your higher nature has been stirred. You feel the impulse of truer ends. Your charity is broader, and full of desire. But, your question recurring, may I ask if you know anything of Mary Clive's history?"

"Yes."

"There have been dark passages?"

"Yes; and Mrs. Brentwood knows all about them."

"Ah! is that so?"

"Another time we will talk about this," said the friend. "Come and see me, when you have a leisure afternoon. I thought you knew something of her former life, and understood its lessons. The story will not fail to reach your ears. Mrs. Brentwood will tell it on the first good opportunity, and it is best that you should hear it from one who judges of a life from its present good, instead of its past and rejected evil."

A few days afterwards the ladies met, when the subject was renewed.

"Mary has passed through the furnace," said the one who was ignorant of Miss Clive's early history.

"Yes; and the flames left, for a time, the smell of fire upon her garments. It came to the nostrils of Mrs. Brentwood, and has lingered there ever since. She never sees or thinks of Mary, without perceiving the unpleasant odor."

"There is no smell of fire upon her garments now!"

"My sense perceives none. To me she is pure and clean. And, knowing her intimately, if she were not pure-minded, I should be quick to perceive it."

"I have noted this difference between her and Mrs. Brentwood," said the other. "Mary's conversation never touches the indelicate, add if she talks of persons, it is to speak of the good in them. Her charity for people is a striking feature in her disposition. And, so far as my intercourse with Mrs. Brentwood has gone, I find her the very opposite. She is quick to see faults in others, and to all appearance, takes pleasure in exposing them. Her mind seems to be full of petty social scandals, and she speaks of them with a piquancy of style and feeling that shows how much she delights in them. There is a certain pretence of being shocked at the evil things related; but the veil is too thin to deceive any one of close observation. To me she is an essentially impure-minded woman."

"I have reached the same conclusion," was answered.

"And such a one as she presumes to draw back her garments from the touch of Mary Clive, as if there were pollution in the contact!"

"Yes. It is the old story of the Pharisee and Publican in another sphere of life."

"Mary has sinned."

"Who has not? The heart is corrupt by nature. Away back in the spring-time of her years, a shadow dropped down upon her life. Her childhood was not favorable. The lot of many is cast with the undisciplined, the impure, or the vicious. She was exposed to many bad influences, and temptation crept about her feet, like a serpent, even from the very beginning. Her mother was a weak, frivolous woman, and, I fear, not blameless in conduct. Her husband, a man of strong feelings, but good life, left her, and tried to get his children away. A suit for the purpose was about being commenced, when he died, and they were left to their fate. Happily for them, they all soon

went the way their father had gone, except Mary. She was left with her mother, and exposed to malign influences.

"Very different was the childhood of Mrs. Brentwood. Her father and mother were religious people, living in harmony, and guarding their children from all apparent evil. I fear, that if she had been subjected to the influences that surrounded Mary Clive, she would never have passed through them, and risen into a useful and virtuous life. If, watched and protected as she was by parents, and kept from contact with things impure, she is not now so much in love with good as to search for it in her friends and acquaintances, but so attracted by things evil and impure, as to see them first of all, how would it have been with her, if her young life had been cast in the very sphere of evil? I fear that she would not have passed the ordeal safely.

"At the age of nineteen, Mary Clive was found by a lady, under circumstances of a painful character. This lady was a Christian in the true sense, and understood something of what our Lord meant, when He said—'Joy shall be in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance;' and so she became a friend to Mary in the true sense—learned all about her childhood, and the associations by which she had been surrounded; and looked with a wise intuition, born of charity that seeks to do good, down into her heart and character—finding there much to encourage the hope of a truer development and a higher and better life in the future. Her first step was to lift her from amidst the external things by which she had so long been surrounded, and to place her in a position favorable to the growth of order, virtue, and right principles. Very quickly the first good seeds cast into the ground of her mind showed signs of germination. Flower and fruit in due time rewarded the lady's care and solicitude. From the very day Mary Clive felt the pure life of this Christian woman touching her own life, a virtuous strength came to her, as if by a kind of transfusion. It was as if she had suddenly stood still, and instead of going a single step farther in the wrong way, had begun to move steadily in an opposite direction, not once pausing to look back, except to shudder at the evil she had suffered and escaped.

"From the beginning, this lady remained her kind and faithful friend. She found qualities in Mary that soon won upon her tenderer feelings. Being childless, the warm, demonstrative and filial-like love of Mary touched her with a new-born sense of pleasure. Gradually the girl grew nearer and nearer; creeping at last into her heart, and living there until death wrought a separation. This lady's position in society established that of Mary. Were there no such evil-disposed women as Mrs. Brentwood in the circles where Miss Clive now moves, not one in twenty would

dream that an evil shadow had darkened her young life."

"Has she an income?"

"Yes. On her friend's death, she found herself well provided for. The high character, pure life and noble Christian virtues of this friend, known to small and great in the community, is the answer that right-thinking people give when your Mrs. Brentwoods try to hurt Mary by unveiling the past. Even though dead, she yet throws about her the mantle of protection."

"Has Mary's life run smoothly since the time it left the wilderness?"

"With one or two exceptions. She was a few years ago quite attractive in person. This, with her social position, her intelligence, and the sweetness of her character, made her an object of attention. She did not court, but shrunk from this attention, particularly when it came from the other sex. It was hardly possible that she should fail to lead some heart captive, or escape the passion of all passions deepest and most absorbing. A young man belonging to one of what are called our 'best families,' (best in a mere conventional sense) paid her close attentions, and finally offered his hand. She did not accept the offer, but referred him to her friend and benefactress, from whom she exacted a promise that the history of her early life should be told without disguise. I do not think the young man's better nature was shocked by the disclosure—his subsequent life has disproved any such idea—but he shrunk away from her, withdrawing his offer of marriage.

"The hurt was severe, and showed itself in a pale face and a more quiet, inward-looking manner. The young man married about a year afterwards, but selected unwisely. The family was all right, and the maiden's record fair; but the current of her impulses, which had been hidden from observation, when it found free course and touched her outward life, left a stain. He had turned from one whose soul, purified by the touch of divine truth, had something of vestal purity, and mated himself with glossed corruption! You will be surprised to learn that, in spite of scandals, grounded, I fear, in cause, Mrs. Brentwood holds intimate relations with this person, whose family position has covered a multitude of sins with the mantle of a false charity."

"It is a high consolation to know," was answered, "that God's judgments are not as man's. That He looks at the heart, and if He finds it pure, accepts the life; but if it is not pure, does not accept the life, however orderly it may be in external things. As seen by angels, the soul of one like Mrs. Brentwood is dark, deformed and repulsive—a cage of unclean things; while that of one like Mary Clive is white and beautiful. Shall you or I hesitate, because of the past, as to which of these shall come nearest?—as to which shall have our truest regard and confidence?"

"No—no," replied the friend. "The really

pure are they who, in strong trial and temptation, have overcome evil. Your self-esteeming, holier-than-thou Pharisee, is not pure. It is in the touch of her garments that a taint lies; not in that of hers whose garments have been purged by celestial fires.

T. S. A.

THE STORMY DAY.

"Such a miserable day," said Ellen, as she looked out of the window, with a very unhappy countenance. The cold sleet beat on the window panes and down on the pavement, and the wind drove it in sheets against the passers by. "There will be no stirring out to-day, and of course no one can come here. I am tired of this book, and really can't bear to look into one. Well, I suppose we ought to be resigned," she added, as she caught sight of her aunt's placid face, "but indeed it is very provoking."

"I would try and be resigned, Nelly, dear," said her aunt, pleasantly, "and let us just look matters fairly in the face. That is the best way, and see what you have to be resigned to. In the first place, you are a prisoner for a day in this beautiful home, where every comfort surrounds you. You have soft, warm clothing and a bright fire to make you comfortable, and you have good health to help you enjoy them all. I think if you try hard you can be reconciled to that, my dear. You have kind parents who supply all your wants, and gratify your taste in all matters. Try and bear that as patiently as you can, Nelly. You have a large library at your command, and a great many other sources of improvement and amusement. Try and be reconciled to your sad case, my child, if you can, for indeed it might be much worse. There are thousands of poor people in this city who would think they had great cause for rejoicing, if they could receive a garment or two from your old attic-room of cast-off clothing.

A tithe of the money you spend for some trifle, which is cast aside almost as soon as it is possessed, would warm some shivering household half the winter. Indeed, my dear girl, you have unbounded cause for thankfulness that God has so favored you, and you owe a large debt to Him for all His mercies."

"Well, how can I pay it, auntie?"

"First of all He asks of you a thankful heart. Then remember He has promised to acknowledge all kindness done to His poor as done to Him. To make the matter practical, why could you not prepare a box of clothing for an institution I know of, where the hungry and naked are fed and clothed. Even well worn garments are most thankfully received by those so destitute. I do not know how you can better spend this rainy day than in such a work of charity. Remember it is our duty to do all we can for the good of others, and when we have done all we are but 'unprofitable servants,' we have done only what was our duty to do."

Ellen was willing to undertake the work her aunt recommended, as she was in her heart generous and sympathizing. Too great prosperity, perhaps, had a little incrustated it with selfishness, and she needed some judicious friend very often, to counsel and direct her. She went to work with much satisfaction, however, over the "poor box," and before the hour for lunch, she was in a high state of enjoyment. She was beginning to learn the luxury of doing good. It is difficult sometimes to decide which receives the greater benefit, the giver or the receiver of a charity.

When you have a rainy, disagreeable day that hangs heavy on your hands, try this experiment of doing good to somebody, and see if the clouds inside do not brighten, however they may do outside. And remember always that "it depends on which floodgate you open, whether you are drowned in a tide of joy or sorrow."

J. E. M'C.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

SELF-RELIANCE.

BY M. D. B. B.

There is much always said about self-reliant characters. By which we understand those persons, who are able to make their own way in the world, contrive, shape, and order their actions without reference to others.

In one sense no person can be perfectly self-reliant. Each has his neighbor's opinions, tastes and likings to consult; and is dependent in some way for happiness upon those around him. We may not be so completely self-sustained, as to be indifferent to what others think and say about us.

It would be unnatural and wrong if we should, because the conventionalities and rules of society are so many barriers to evil. Those who forget these proprieties, and act in opposition to established forms, may be characterized as *strong-minded* or *eccentric*, but scarcely merit the nobler epithet of *self-reliant*.

To be truly self-reliant involves an amount of energy, activity, and enterprise, which can only be secured by early training. In this case, as in many others, the maternal influence should be set to work. If mothers will persist in never allowing the minds of their children to act for themselves,

in always accustoming them to reproduce their ideas and opinions, in helping them almost to think, they may succeed in having that rare treasure—"a baby always in the house"—in intellect if not in person—but they are preparing trouble for themselves, and life-long sorrow for their offspring.

Let us not mistake. There is no occasion for forcing the brain. We do not want to make miniature men and women of our little ones; and look upon poor, puny specimens of humanity, whose heads are crammed with the rudiments of several different languages, before they have attained a score of years, as very great prodigies perhaps, but, like similar productions in vegetable life, only "beautiful monsters" at best.

But because the child is physically dependent on the mother for aid and comfort, and because a too great precocity is not healthful nor desirable, there is no reason why the powers of the mind should be left entirely inert and helpless. You wish very much that your child should be strong and healthy, have free use of all its bodily faculties, and enjoy them in full vigor. So you do not confine its limbs with bandages, but teach it to stand upright, and walk alone. In the same manner you should cultivate the mind. Make it able to cope with the difficulties, and surmount the obstacles of every-day life. Let us see how different people aim, succeed, or fail in this undertaking.

Mrs. A—— is such a devoted mother, that she makes herself a very slave to her children. Not only does she superintend the nursery operations, see in person to the proper clothing, bathing, and diet of her little ones—which is all very proper and right—but she is so fearful that their tempers may be spoiled, and their patience tried, by having to wait for anything, that she answers every demand herself, and even anticipates the want. She and every other adult in the family, are only considered secondary personages, their principal business being to wait upon the important individual, whose advent has made such a change in the household. The little ones are not slow to perceive this, and presume upon it accordingly. Instead of their tempers being improved by over-indulgence, they become imperious and exacting, while the over-wearied mother too late perceives her error.

Mrs. A—— has no time to give to her friends, for her children would miss her so much, and cry themselves sick in her absence. She cannot enjoy her once pleasant refreshment of a book or choice periodical, because she is interrupted at almost every other sentence, by fretful demands for help from some one of her numerous flock, who has never been in the habit of relying upon his own mental powers.

For instance—her little George has been amusing himself with a dissected map of the world, but he is at a loss where to place Norway and Sweden,

whether in the Western or Eastern Hemisphere. So without pausing to recall his small stock of geographical knowledge, he finds it easier to ask his mother, and be done with it. To be sure the matter is very quickly arranged, the piece fits into the vacant place smoothly, and the whole affair makes a neat appearance when it is finished—"just like two nice cakes laid on the table"—as the little fellow gayly exclaims, rubbing his hands with satisfaction over his handiwork. But the principal point is not gained—the child has not exerted his own mind in the process, nor gained one new idea, and he is as ignorant as he was before, of the simple elements of geography. So with other studies. As the children grow older, there is a constant demand on the parent for help; and dreading the storm which a refusal would inevitably bring down upon her, she yields in each instance; working out the difficult problem in arithmetic, prompting the answer in other branches of learning, and fairly doing all the thinking for them. Besides this, she is obliged to keep in memory every missing article, the whereabouts of every mislaid book, or toy, or implement. What wonder that her sons grow up ill-fitted to bear their own burdens in life, or act a part for themselves among men; or that her daughters, accustomed to call upon her for help in every little undertaking, make but indifferent, ill-managing housekeepers, and injudicious, incapable wives and mothers!

Mrs. C——, on the contrary, having imbibed some strong-minded maxims as to the maternal relation, determines that her children shall grow up to be energetic and independent characters. She gives as little time to them as is compatible with a needful regard for their bodily health and comfort. These cared for, she gives herself no uneasiness how they are employed or in what manner amused. Being unused to system in either work or play, they are accustomed to do as they please in all respects; and often make sad havoc among the articles of furniture, merely because proper implements are not afforded them, and a proper direction given to their impulses. Their minds too, being left unbiassed and unfurnished, yield growth to a rare crop of weeds; and, empty of all useful knowledge, are ready to take in any system of error, which may be floating in their way. They become independent characters truly; but too often they branch out into recklessness, and plunge into follies which ruin them forever. The principle of "letting alone," has not worked well in their case; and Mrs. C—— arouses at last to perceive, that her rules for self-making have failed.

Mrs. B—— comes in between the two extremes. As soon as her children are old enough, (that is, at any time beyond mere babyhood and infantile helplessness,) she engages them in some little employment that will be useful. Whether it be the handing of a spool from the opposite corner

of the room, the shutting of a door, or placing a book on the table, you will find that the child of two years old will perform its little task with alacrity; and with eager eyes and smiling face, ask to do something else "to help mother." Girls soon become handy with a needle. The days of patch-work and rag-carpet are unhappily becoming unfashionable; but it was a grand relief for over-busy mothers, and "brought on" their daughters admirably in the sewing line. Mrs. B—— has some notions of her own in this matter. She is well persuaded of the excellence of snowy Marseilles counterpanes, and dainty dimity "spreads;" but she persists in thinking there is something cosy in a nice patch-work quilt, and some taste and ingenuity, as well as industry, required in the making of it. So she votes for "the stars and stripes" in her domestic arrangements, as well as for the flag of her country. Her girl of five is learning economy and the use of her needle together, by the working up of little shreds, that by others are thrown away as useless. By the time she is twenty, she will be the possessor of substantial fruits of her industry, as well as of heir-looms, in which may be read much of the family history, by means of these fragments of dress, that are the gatherings of a lifetime.

Neither does Mrs. B—— quite despise the needle for boys. Not to keep them quiet, as some do, who try to tame down the spirit of ungovernable lads by teaching them to knit or sew, in order, as they say, to give them some employment besides mischief. Her plan is to make them self-reliant and independent. "What is the use of my learning to sew?" once said a Scotch boy to his mother. "Heeh, laddie," she rejoined, "ye dinna ken where your lot may be cast." And his lot was

cast in the wilds of Africa, where he could get no one to sew on a button, or mend a rent in his clothing; and thus his early training became of incalculable value to him. Mrs. B——'s boys, then, soon learn to sew on the coverings of their balls, stitch up little blank books, even mend an incipient hole in a stocking or glove, that by neglect would become wider; and this discipline causes them to feel manly and less dependent on others.

Their exuberant spirits and lively ways receive a new direction, by being encouraged to manufacture their own toys, or contrive some useful articles for the household; and great is their joy as they present these proofs of skill to their mother or sisters. Besides this, Mrs. B—— believes in teaching children to think. Every book or intelligent article which they read, becomes the subject of conversation. Even the little stories which are told for their amusement, are criticised and commented on by the youthful circle. In this way they acquire the faculty of discriminating between what is really good, and the frivolous or trashy, and their minds become accustomed to reason on what they read or hear. The taste and judgment evinced by one, whose mind has been thus early trained, will be surprising.

These are the self-made men and women, whose energy and enterprise have astonished the world. They were not pampered in idleness and luxury, but have for the most part sprung from a class, obliged to contend with difficulty and poverty. To overcome obstacles, to surmount circumstances, to live down opposition, requires a firm, self-reliant character, which may be made or marred even in the nursery, and by mothers.

PARKESBURG, Chester Co., Pa.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

"NO CHILDREN."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Oh, what a beautiful place it is!" said my friend, looking out from her chamber window. "How happy my boys and girls would be, if they only had such grounds to play in!" And into the tones, as well as the pleasant face, there crept a little shadow, hardly more than a faint, faint mist, stealing up from the sea, and just filming some summer sky.

"Yes; this is the window where I come up to worship," I said, going to it, and standing there by the side of the friend long and tenderly beloved, who had been my guest for only a few hours.

There, on the opposite side of the road, and just beneath our eyes, lay the grounds, swathed in the morning sunshine, and looking like some enchanted land, a very fairy vision of cool dark grace and beauty as we gazed on them.

Through the green lawns, and among the dark heaps of shrubberies, the paths coiled like the gray, shining scales of serpents, and here and there small arbors peeped out from their thick wrappings of vines, and there were little twin terraces, and grottoes, and a small bowl of a pond, with half a dozen swan, looking in the distance like small drifts of snow, moving up and down the smooth floor of the waters; and there were flowers—we could only see at that distance where they bloomed out in fiery masses or made drifts of snowy cloud, hanging around the paths, or a glitter of gold among the grass; but the wind brought to us all luscious fragrances, all heavy passionate odors, all sweet perfumes, until the whole air seemed sacred with incense.

"Seems to me," said my friend, turning to me, her fine eyes filled with the fervor of some thought, "those people over there must be very happy, living in such a home."

I shook my head. "I wonder if they are, Agnes. They live in their stately house, in the midst of elegance and beauty. Whatsoever is fair or pleasant for the eyes to behold, these people possess; and yet, for all that, the splendid home, the beautiful grounds, always impress me with a sense of desolation. There are no children there. Just think, Agnes! There are no little sweet faces, making fight about the house; no swift patter of little feet; no silver tinkle of sudden laughter; no merry hubbub of children's voices from morning until night."

My friend shuddered, and looked over at the grounds, which seemed to lie asleep in a dream of their own beauty. "How silent and dreary it must be, after all!" she murmured.

And I looked at her—the little soft-voiced, quiet woman, her face a little faded, but still holding the nameless attraction of its youth, and I thought of those six bright, hearty, boisterous boys and girls which she had left behind her. I knew what anxious days and nights; what constant struggle and contrivance to "make both ends meet" the last ten years had devolved on the woman at my side.

Her husband had only a small salary to cover the large expenses of his growing family, and it was marvellous how the wife and mother managed on such inadequate means to make her unpretending home the happy little paradise which it certainly was.

What endless plotting and devising—what tireless activity of head and hands—what rigid economies on every side—what turning and rejuvenating of old things; what subtracting from one and adding to another; what small ingenuities; what improvisations of millinery, mantuamaking and tailoring, were needed to accomplish the results which my friend did in her own home!

And yet, withal, she was so quiet and gentle, you would never have suspected what domestic marvels she daily achieved. Neither did she look like one borne down with burdens of care or harassing anxieties of any sort. There was a quiet, restful satisfaction in that mother-face of hers, and when her goodly boys and girls gathered about her, under the small, noisy, happy home-roof, it was a joy to gaze into the face of this wife and mother, and see the loving pride and tenderness that gave it a beauty "passing that of women."

And at such times you could not pity her. You saw that love made her labors light—her cares a pleasure; that her bustling, ceaseless, active life, in all its varied demands and forms, was not, after all, without its ample reward.

"Ellen," said my guest, turning suddenly towards me—for she had been standing at the window, with her face veiled in a thoughtful shadow—"why don't those people over there adopt some children?"

"Sure enough why don't they?" Thinking of

the great rooms in their still desolate grandeur, where there was no pretty disorder of playthings; no small shoes in the corners; no hunts for bits of mittens; no lost hoods and caps under the chairs; and no small figures going to and fro, and making confusion and toil from morning until night.

"And so, Agnes, you would not give up those bouncing, troublesome boys and girls of yours for Mrs. Wilbur's stately home yonder?"

The lady did not answer, save with a smile; that was quiet enough; but there was a whole chapter of eloquence and significance in it.

"This is the little girl, ma'am."

A voice coarse but kindly broke in suddenly on our talk, and there in the door stood a woman with a very decided German physiognomy, the features large and irregular, the skin coarse, freckled and sunburnt, while by her side, with one little snowball of a hand clasped in her large hard one, stood a child, the sweetest, daintiest little fairy that you can imagine. Her large eyes were a kind of russet-brown, and the short, thick curls had in them a tinge of auburn, and the scarlet thread of lips, and red blossom in either cheek made this child of a trio of summers one of those visions of sweetness and beauty such as we occasionally meet in pictures and out of them. A very few words must tell the little creature's story.

She was an orphan and utterly friendless in the world, save for the German woman who had been her mother's nurse, and who, when misfortunes thickened about her mistress, had clung loving and loyally to her until the last hour of her life.

The child's parents were Americans, but had resided for some years in the East Indies. The health of the father having failed, he had resolved to return with his wife and child to his native land. They were shipwrecked during the journey, and the exposure and hardship cost the young husband and father his life.

His wife did not survive him long. She was a delicate, fragile creature, and when the winds and the storms beat roughly upon her, she bowed her head, and failed under them.

It was conjectured from the story of the German woman that the child's father had embarked his fortune, whatever that might be, on board the vessel in which he sailed for America; but everything was lost—the passengers barely escaped with their lives. And so the little child's father slept his long sleep in the dark ocean, and the mother laid her fair young head under the mountain daisies, and in the wide world there was none to care for that sweet child save the faithful old heart of the nurse, who depended upon the toil of her own hands for a livelihood.

"Oh, what a lovely little creature! Do come here, you darling!" exclaimed my friend, whose mother-heart was at once stirred by the sight of the child.

The little girl paused doubtfully a moment, glanced at her nurse; but something in the smile

of the lady won the child's heart, and she trotted across the floor, and nestled herself in the arms outstretched to receive her.

And then I made the German woman repeat the little girl's history, which she did with a simplicity and pathos that must have moved any heart not turned to stone; and the soul of my friend was melted as she listened.

"I'll never forsake the child, ma'am," said the German woman, in a passion of tenderness, as she paused at last, "so long as I've a crust to eat or a bit of roof to shelter us; but it's not the likes of me should have the bringing up of that pretty, dainty doll, and her mother such a lady, and used to the best in the world; but I'll work my eyes out and my hands off for the pretty darling."

"Somebody ought to adopt the child," said my friend, with overflowing eyes, half smothering the little scarlet mouth with her kisses.

Then our eyes met. The same thought must have filled both. "Agnes," said I, "you will have an eloquent tongue, pleading for a poor little motherless child. Suppose you go over to Mrs. Wilbur's this afternoon, and carry the little girl, and say what is in your heart to do?"

And Agnes went, and the child went with her to the stately home, that slept like a castle in the midst of its beautiful grounds, while the German woman, to whom I had been able to offer some little kindnesses after I came to the village, a few weeks subsequent to the death of her mistress—the German woman and I waited, and the same prayer was in both our hearts.

In a couple of hours Agnes Stearns returned. With my first glance into her face, I saw that her

errand had not failed, but I wanted the words, too.

"You saw Mrs. Wilbur, Agnes?"

"Yes, Ellen."

"And you left my darling?" interposed the German woman, in tones pendulous betwixt joy and sorrow.

"Yes; she is Mrs. Wilbur's daughter now."

"Yet," said Agnes, speaking more to herself than her audience, "I think it was not so much I that touched the core and quick of this woman's heart, as the little thing herself. She listened to all I said with a kind of precocious gravity in her face, and when I had finished, she stole up to the lady, and putting her little snow-flake of a hand on Mrs. Wilbur's arm, said, with a sweet, unutterable pleading in her voice—'You will be my mamma, won't you?' And the lady caught the child to her heart in a sudden rain of tears, and sobbed—'Yes, my child, God helping me, I will be a mother to you.'"

"Thank the Lord!" said the old German woman; and all our hearts made a chorus of her words.

"Mrs. Wilbur is a good woman," I added, "and now that her heart has been opened, the little orphan will go in and find sweet love and goodly shelter there. You have done a good work, Agnes."

"And oh," said my friend, her face kindling with her fervid feeling, "what a well-spring of happiness the child will open in that lonely house! Palace or cottage, lofty or low, it is all alike—the home is cold and lonely in which there are no fond, careless, vexatious torments—no sweet-faced, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed joys—in short, no children."

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON THE TEETH.

No. 3.

BY HENRY A. CHASE, M. D.

INFLUENCE OF MEDICINES AND SICKNESS UPON THE TEETH.

There is an error very prevalent in the community that medicines have a direct detrimental influence upon the teeth by contact with the tooth substance. This is not so, I think, with a single exception. The exception is this. When acids are administered, as they often are in fevers, or acidulated drinks are freely used, they do have a direct injurious effect, by dissolving the lime composing the enamel and tooth bone or dentine. I have seen an excellent set of teeth entirely ruined by the administration of "sour drops," composed of sulphuric acid and water, to a patient recovering from a fever, without any warning from the physician as to its effects upon the dental organs. When such a medicine is taken, it should be through a quill or other tube, and the mouth

thoroughly rinsed immediately with soda or saleratus water, which would neutralize or destroy the portion of acid remaining in the mouth. One cannot be too careful in this respect. The teeth are too valuable to be thus carelessly destroyed when the remedy is so easy.

Mercury or calomel, more than any other medicine, is generally supposed to have a directly injurious effect upon the enamel of teeth. Nothing is more common than to hear dental patients remark that their teeth were ruined by calomel. This drug has to bear the obloquy which rightly and solely belongs to thousands of people whose utter want of cleanliness has been the only cause of their dental decay. Others erroneously attribute it to that medicine, when it was owing entirely to their sickness, during which time the calomel was administered. While prostrated by disease, it is almost always the case that the stomach is in an unhealthy condition, from which sour and corrosive gases arise, and have a deleterious influence upon the dental organs. The mouth, too, is foul, bathing the teeth in a viscid, acidulous saliva, having the same injurious chemical effect upon them, so that

when patients recover from their disease they are surprised to find their teeth in a very bad condition. Great pains should be taken by nurses to keep the teeth of those under their care perfectly clean.

But it is my candid opinion that mercury does inflict great and lasting injury on the teeth, when taken in infancy and childhood in massive doses. But a very erroneous opinion prevails among physicians that calomel can be given with impunity to children under three years of age, because it rarely *salivates* them. No greater error can be made; for allowing that it is perfectly innocuous to other parts of the system, the dental organs are very sensitive to its influence. To this must be attributed, in thousands upon thousands of cases, the frail and imperfect character of the milk or temporary teeth, exhibited in their premature decay and loss. But far greater, and beyond all calculation, is the injury inflicted upon the second or permanent teeth. This is seen in the imperfect development and growth of these organs, as well as in the fragile character of the enamel, which invites decay. It is also observed by the dental profession in that very common disease Alveolar Dental Periostitis. This is an inflammation of the delicate skin which surrounds the root, and lines the socket of the tooth. Teeth thus affected become sore and loose, and are often very difficult to cure. In many cases it exists in a subdued chronic form for

many years, and if unfortunately a well-educated dentist is not consulted in season, it terminates, finally, in the total loss of those important organs.

The same disease is often produced in adults by large doses, or continued small doses, of mercury; but I think the mischief is not nearly so great or persistent as it is when caused by this drug in early life.

To the nursing child, the sickness of the mother has a baneful influence upon its teeth, in consequence of imperfect nutrition of these members, caused by altered qualities of her milk. And the same may be truly said when the child is weaned, and dependent upon ordinary food. Imperfect nutrition of the growing teeth is a result of either non-assimilation or indigestion, which is a frequent concomitant or result of disease. The dentine or enamel formation must cease when there are no materials in the blood to carry on the process; and when health is restored, and the beautiful operations of Nature are once again in motion, too often the case, are the indelible marks of disease imprinted upon the enamel, perhaps only to be recognized by the dental practitioner.

When we learn to obey the laws of life, then we may hope for more universal health, resulting in greater perfection of the beautiful and useful organs of mastication and speech.

INDEPENDENCE, IOWA.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

Wild, stormy March! The month of driving rains, and fierce-blowing gales, and dreary, leaden skies bringing unrest and discontent. When all day long the atmosphere seems to settle down with oppressive weight upon the earth. When gloom has entered the household, and the daily labors drag wearily on, while the children, debarred from their usual outdoor exercise, are restless in the house, troublesome, and noisy, only ceasing from their games to gaze out occasionally at the pelting storm, and watch the huge old trees as they bow before the blast.

But when night comes on, and the gloom is shut out, the cheery fire lights up the hearth, the loving hearts gather close around the fireside, and contentment sheds its peace over all. This is the hour for social home enjoyment. First comes a merry frolic with the children, for this is the time of all the day when they are allowed unrestrained indulgence.

Papa, who has his little foibles, although "we would not mention it out of the family," insists that when a hearty supper is eaten, they should have exercise before retiring, which causes a perfect romp 'mongst young and old for the space of half an hour. Even grandfather becomes excited in the game of hide-and-seek, and affords little Minnie shelter in the folds of his great wrapper, whence her blue eyes and curly head cunningly peep and reveal her whereabouts.

When the game is over, Kate, who is eldest, and goes to the High School, reads aloud to the little ones. To-night it is Miss Townsend's little story, to which they listen with open mouths and glistening eyes, until the last word is spoken. Then they turn quietly to mamma, who stands ready to undress them, and tuck them up warmly in their snug beds.

Then, when quiet is restored once more, and peaceful visions seek the pillows of the little ones, we take up the Home Magazine again. Busy fingers ply the needle, fashioning delicate fabrics in muslin and flannel as we read—

"The Home Circle"—What spot more cherished, more hallowed in memory than this. There is a magic sweetness in the very name which thrills our hearts.

A native poet, in a recently published work, has drawn a charming picture thus:—

"Nature gives but takes away again:
Sound, odor, color—blossom, cloud, and tree
Divide and scatter in a thousand rays
Our individual being: but, in days
Of gloom, the wandering senses crowding come
To the close circle of the heart. So we,
Cosily nestled in the library,
Enjoyed each other and the warmth of home.
Each window was a picture of the rain:
Blown by the wind, tormented, wet, and gray
Loosing itself in cloud, the landscape lay
Or wavered, blurred behind the streaming pane;
Or with a sudden struggle, shook away
Its load, and like a foundering ship arose
Distinct and dark above the driving spray
Until a fiercer onset came to close
The hopeless day. Each living creature fled
To seek some sheltering cover for its head.
Yet colder, drearier, wilder as it blew
We drew the closer, and the happier grew."

Such be our "Home Circle" to-night, dear friends, as here we hold converse with each other.

YOUNG WRITERS.

The efforts of ambitious young writers is oftentimes amusing in the extreme. A cotemporary gives a very entertaining account of the disposal of his "first article," thus:—

"It was not mine at all, in fact, but everybody's; a general digest of all I had ever read, from Pinnock to Pelagus, with nothing original in it save the confusion; but I, poor fool, thought my 'Essay on the British Constitution' only too startling in its newness, and looked forward with delicious trembling to a sort of Horne Tooke persecution if its sentiments should happen to displease the men in power. I sent the MS. to my favorite magazine—editors were less busy or more polite in those days than they are now—it came back in less than a week, with a note expressing the editor's thanks; he did not say for what, but I concluded that he meant for its perusal, and that he, perhaps, felt himself so healthfully impregnated with its sentiments that traces of them would be evident in his editorials for the future. Still I thought it would be pleasant to have my ideas published in their crude state; accordingly I sent the paper to another periodical, whence it returned without the thanks. 'We won't despair, though,' said I, 'will we, Cis?' 'Cis' was my little sister, aged three, who had immense faith in me, and who I consequently regarded as an oracle. 'Shall we try again, Cis?' I asked. 'Yes,' she replied, with the deliberate utterance of her age and position. She was seated on the floor, nursing her shoe. We tried again, and this time with the rejected manuscript came a note so inexplicable, that I can remember it now. It ran thus (I had signed my name 'Philip Wensdale'): 'My dear Phil.—For pity's sake don't hoax a fellow in this way again. Seeing your signature, I was about to pass the thing on to be set up in type, without reading it; when, luckily, it occurred to me that I ought to congratulate you on your improved penmanship. I began to read, and speedily fell into a cold perspiration at the thought of my narrow escape. People would never take it for what it certainly is—a really clever imitation of the style of a booby. You owe me something brilliant for such a shabby trick.—Yours, Milton Pennyfather.' Clearly the writer had a good opinion of me; that was refreshing; but 'the style of a booby'?

"What could he mean by that? I determined to go and see. I went accordingly, and on sending in my name had the satisfaction of hearing, 'Certainly, send him up;' it was rather disappointing to find that Mr. Pennyfather greeted me with an air of blank expectancy, while he turned to the clerk and said, 'Don't keep Mr. Wensdale waiting.'

"I have not waited, thank you, sir," I said.

"You are!"

"Philip Wensdale."

"Is that your name?"

"Phillip, not Wensdale. I signed that because I did not want Hopetoun to be seen. I called on account of this note," and I produced the epistle.

"Do you know that Philip Wensdale is the real name of one of our most popular magazine writers?"

"No, indeed, I did not; I am sorry."

"So am I; it has wasted some time for both of us."

"The editor rose for me to go. I collapsed at once like a pricked balloon; perhaps my executioner was moved by seeing this, for he added, kindly,

"Would you like a little advice?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, first find something to write about, and then get something to say."

"In the 'British Constitution'—" I began.

"You have done neither; if you profit by my advice, you will thank me for it." Then he added, *sotto voce*, 'Poor fellow! There is no need to snub him, he will get plenty of that if he is as stupid as he looks.'

"That evening Cis and I burnt 'The British Constitution.' I did profit, and I have since thanked my first friend."

EXPERIENCES OF A HEALTH-SEEKER.

Carelessness and ignorance combined made me an invalid. I had lived, as if I were not aware that I had any stomach, nerves, or muscles. And concerning ventilation, nutritious food, and sufficient clothing, I knew less than the savages. My disordered stomach, feeble muscles, torpid liver, vitiated blood, and deranged nervous system, proved my disregard for the laws of health. After I was taken sick, I was taken with a great desire to be well again. I ran after the doctors, or rather, *paid them for running after me*; and got no better very fast. I began with Allopathic treatment, and allowed the physicians of that persuasion to try experiments upon me; but their attempts to effect a cure by producing an opposite state, utterly failed. The ordinary method having proved unsuccessful, I next tried Homoeopathy; and became the sport of the followers of Hahnemann. If my diseases could have been cured by infinitesimal doses of medicine, I should certainly have recovered at that time. But the doctrine of producing affections similar to the disease, did not permanently change my condition. Disgusted with Allopathy and Homoeopathy alike, I next employed an Eclectic doctor, hoping that he might be wise enough to select whatever was *best* in all theories, and apply it satisfactorily. But I did not recover. Then I tried an Indian doctor, and took all of the roots and herbs which he prescribed. I fancied myself a second Nebuchadnezzar, and expected my verdancy would be quite remarkable. The "yarb system" did not restore; but left me as it found me. Lastly, I consulted a Clairvoyant, who had advertised to describe and cure all of the diseases which flesh is heir to, on receipt of the patient's name and age. From this celebrated physician, I learned that I was suffering from a disease which I never had. He had effected remarkable cures; but in my case he was sadly at fault. Perhaps I was a stubborn subject; perhaps I lacked faith in any of these several methods of healing; I do not pretend to say tired of doctors; I determined to be my own physician, and *kill myself*. So I read all of the advertisements in the newspapers and almanacs; and then proceeded to ransack the drug stores and apothecaries' shops for the "Sirups," "Sarsaparillas," and Slops, which were described and recommended. It is not wonderful, if I did have some *indescribable feelings* while the medicine mania lasted. I am a living example of what human nature can stand in search of a reliable antidote. I did not recover, and it is no wonder; for my stomach was at that time an apothecary's shop, and full of all sorts of drugs and medicines. My experience is worth something to invalids. A trial of many remedies has convinced me that health, and even life itself, is in danger from the inordinate use of medicine. Invaluable agents for the removal of many complaints may, from frequent and over-doses, endanger life, and subject the patient to dreadful suffering and protracted illness. At last I throw my physis into the fire, and emptied my bottles into the gutter. Then I tried a "Water Cure," in order to try the efficacy of Hydro-*pathy*. I had lived on poisons long enough, and I was disposed to give this healing agent a fair trial. I took hot, cold, shower, vapor, and electrical baths.

I tested the curative virtues of water thoroughly. I took it internally and externally, frequently and copiously. I went all over into the water system; and *water is a good thing*, for it makes people clean and wholesome; besides restoring activity to the vital forces, and removing inciting causes of disease. But *I got too much of a good thing*. The abstemious habits, pure air, and innocent amusements, at the hydropathic establishment, did wonders for me; but all of the water in the vicinity of the "Cure" could not wash out the mercury and iodine which was in my system; and all the electricity which might accumulate in a million of Leyden jars could not produce healthy action in my dead-alive body. I was soaked, plunged, and packed. Such frequent immersions should have brought me out a * * * * but I only came out a colorless, transparent specimen of humanity. I was so weak and pale, thin and shadowy, that I was scarcely in the likeness of the animal which I was made to represent. I became a "Grahamite" as well as a Waterite; and avoided stimulating food and drinks; banished meat and condiments from my table; and denied myself every luxury in the way of living. I dieted till I was as lean as the kine which we read of in a very ancient history. My excretory organs were stimulated to the utmost; and at last I became too watery and reduced to experience much pain. Even the hair on my head and face began to turn pale. I practised the gymnastics of Dio Lewis, till the strength I had was exhausted; and then I hired men to stretch, pull, pinch, and pound my poor body. All this was better than medicine; but I wonder that it did not occur to me then, that I might get exhilarating exercise in some useful occupation, which would be quite as effectual, and much more sensible. I was in the habit of thinking a great deal about myself; I could have told every hour in the day just how I felt; I had not sense enough to know that I should not have any feelings. In the first place I had no business to get sick; and in the second place, if I had been so foolish, I had no business to spend all my time in thinking about it. A few more grains of grit, and a few less grains of medicine, would restore half the invalids in the world, and keep them in perfect health.

When I was completely water-cured, and movement-cured, I began to reflect. And I came to the conclusion, that if I would let myself alone awhile, I might be well again. The time which I had spent in experimenting on myself, was not entirely lost, however. I had learned something concerning the physical needs of humanity. I found cleanliness, exercise, diversion, and change, to be the best remedial agents which I had tried. If people do not choose to *rust out* with inactivity, or *rot out* with disease, they must avoid the causes which produce such a disgusting state of affairs. A man's health and cheerfulness will always depend greatly on his activity and usefulness. A clear conscience will help to keep up the vitality of the blood, and the vigor of the system. A contented mind, will enable one to resist successfully, and perhaps overcome entirely, all unhealthy action. Physical exercise will strengthen the body, and mental exercise will develop the soul. The art of preserving health of body and mind is of the greatest importance. A knowledge of the habits most conducive to long life, and a happy temper is of infinite consequence. Healthy people are *better* than sick ones in two respects. And, if there is one thing in the world which excites my sympathy more than another, it is the sight of a confirmed invalid; the contemplation of one of those objects, of whom it can be said, "there is

no health in them." I am sorry for sick people; and I cannot help wishing that they might get well, and keep so. Pale faces, bad breaths, and irritable tempers, are not at all agreeable. They do not make any person interesting; and I hope that any of my friends, who may be ailing, will make haste to put themselves into a condition to inspire respect, instead of pity and commiseration.

Time is too precious to be fooled away on a couch. A thousand years would not be long enough to complete a man's education, even with excellent health and the most approved surroundings. Better be preparing for a higher state of existence, and leave the pigs to do the *grunting*. If you should happen to feel badly, do not own it; do not whisper it to yourself, but declare that you are quite well. It is not reasonable to expect a man to parade his own weaknesses. When you feel like going to bed, go to work, and you will be surprised to see how soon you will forget your colds and colics, your neuralgias and rheumatisms, and your headaches and stomachaches. People are quite apt to be well enough to do whatever they wish; and if they are not, we may be sure that they are really sick. And what if you should work till the end? It would not be such a terrible thing to die in the harness. Now, I do not say that all sickness is *spitem*, and could be overcome; but I do say that a great proportion of it is; and it would be astonishing to see how rapidly the invalids would recover if they got neither sympathy or medicine. There are persons who have inherited bad constitutions, and there are others whose misfortune it is to reside in unhealthy localities; and for all such *innocent sufferers* we would be lavish of our sympathy and attention. But for a morbid state of body, a whining, complaining, habitually indisposed condition, we are filled with aversion and abhorrence. It is not right or just to be a tax upon our friends. They may be *sickened* with our faintness, weakness and languor. Yea, *sickened of us*; not of disease. Even the word *ill*, is supposed to be a contraction of the Saxon word *elf*, or evil, which is so opposed to well or good, that it may be considered a calamity to merit the appellation. When we are sure that illness is not the result of our own disregard of the laws of health, we may accept it as a discipline we need, and profit by it as we would wish to profit by any other afflictive dispensation. As for myself, I got well because I would; and every one knows that in many cases the *will* is very powerful. I had a long will, and I recovered. Carelessness and ignorance had presented their "bill of costs," and I had paid my taxes on them; paid it in time, money and suffering. I took care that no such "assessments" should be made upon me again, and my wisdom or *willfulness* has protected me. I am inclined to give the credit to the latter, for I have never failed except upon one occasion to overcome my sickness, when I have set my will against it. It was a signal defeat of *will* then, and ever since I have not been half so *sure* of anything as I was before the contest.

CLARES WILDEFELLOW.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY A. F. STICKNEY.

O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit haunted,
And said as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted. Hood.

It does not look like the haunted houses beyond the sea, with which we became so familiar in our youthful days, listening to the stories of Dame Margery the nurse—houses with many gables, long corri-

dors, deep, dark closets, and innumerable places for uncanny beings to hide themselves in; not like the house under "bann of excommunication" so thrillingly described by dear Tom Hood. No! our haunted house bears none of the evidences of neglect and decay so long associated with ghost or witch-enchanted halls. There it stands, a neat, white cottage, with lilacs and rose-bushes in front, and fragrant honeysuckles clustering over the door. Not the abode of penury, for an air of thrift and comfort is stamped upon all around. The pretty, ornamental fence, the neatly-trimmed shrubbery, the climbers carefully trained over the trellises, the freshly-painted blinds, all preclude the idea of want—would seem to forbid the idea of sorrow within. And yet, this house is haunted.

And who are its occupants? Surely within that vine-wreathed cot no old crone sits doubled up before the fire, muttering cabalistic words, while her pot of herbs is simmering over the blaze? No witch issues from that door, in guise of kitten black, or striped snake, to torment suffering mortals? No ghosts appear at midnight hour, to hold high carnival within its walls, to the terror and dismay of its rightful inmates? No! and yet the house is haunted.

We will not stand upon etiquette, but enter; though the hour is late, to an old friend much will be pardoned. There is a bright light in the sitting-room, and seated beside the centre-table we find the two inmates of the cottage—mother and daughter—the one glancing over the columns of the evening paper, the other busied with some trifle of embroidery.

The room is well furnished; both ladies are dressed in becoming habits; what is wanting to complete their happiness? The brow of the elder is clouded with an unspoken care, a weary trouble she will not mention, while the younger starts involuntarily at every movement in the street, and looks up with eager, wistful, longing eyes. Ah! there's a skeleton in their closet.

We knew them both a year ago; but how have they changed within a twelvemonth! The mother has become prematurely old, her hair thickly intermixed with silver threads, her form bent, her step inelastic; the daughter has lost her blithesome smile, and a pensive sadness has usurped its place. And what has caused this change?

As they sit there this evening, do their thoughts turn to the mound in Oak Grove, that covers the remains of the loved husband and father, to which they make a daily pilgrimage to cover it with flowers? It is not the thought of that, that makes them sigh. They know that he is happy in that bright realm where sorrow never comes, and thank God that he did not live to feel the pangs that wring their hearts.

Is it of the elder brother that they are thinking, far away upon the battle-field? They know that he has consecrated himself to a just and holy cause; that he will not falter in the hour of trial, and that God, who holdeth the issue in His hands, will shield and protect him.

It is for the youngest of the family—the darling—the pet—the idol of the household—that their hearts are sore. He, alas! for whom they would lay down their lives, is wringing the life-blood from their hearts. He has gone astray from the Godly counsels of his father, the early instructions of his mother, the earnest pleadings of his sister. Not once, or twice, but many times has he come staggering home in a state of inebriety. They have reasoned with him, en-

treated him; but though he loves them dearly, he laughs at their foolish fears, as he terms them.

It is this Fear that haunts this house and embitters the lives of its inmates. A vague fear of what may come; a fear lest the public should know of the disgrace of their loved one (as though it were not patent to the world, while yet they slumbered in blissful ignorance); a fear of some greater crime, sure to follow in the steps of drunkenness.

Alas! there are many haunted households in our fair land. Many a mother, sister, wife, is sinking into a grave dug by those they hold dear.

Oh! young man, will you not see that you have banished the smile from the lip and joy from the heart of those whose happiness it should be your highest aim to increase?

ACTING CHARADE.

POSTAGE.—POST-AGE.

CHARACTERS:—

LANDLORD.	LYDIA.
WAITER.	ARETHUSA.
A DANDY.	

SCENE THE FIRST.—POST.

A country inn parlor. Landlord and Waiter.

LANDLORD.—Oh dear, I wish some one would come! I bought a fish on speculation three days ago, and, if no one comes, it must be wasted.

WAITER.—Why should it be wasted? You can eat it yourself, if that's all.

LANDLORD.—I eat stale fish! no, not if I might be allowed to charge what I like for everything, as long as I'm landlord of this inn.

A ring at the door. Enter a Dandy.

DANDY.—Landlord, can you accommodate me for a week or so? You may perceive that I'm not accustomed to this sort of place, but I wish for a change, for rusticity, for a more extended acquaintance with bumpkins; has my fellow come?

WAITER (*aside*).—Is feller indeed! I don't b'lieve 'is feller's to be found. Two such would be the death of me; surely he wont come.

LANDLORD.—Sir, I'm proud to receive you. I've first-rate accommodations, sir; my chief anxiety is, sir, that one like you, capable of judging, should benefit by the comforts my house affords. My little bill, sir, will really be nothing compared to your advantage.

DANDY.—Landlord, conversation bores me; restrict yourself to monosyllables. What can you give me for dinner, that I can eat?

WAITER (*aside*).—Cold mutton, boiled batter pudding, without any eggs, and milk and water. (*Aloud*.) Sir, if you like fish we can please you. This place is famous for fish, we can 'ardly cook it fast enough; and then we're famous for bacon too.

DANDY.—Bacon, honest man! What's bacon?

WAITER.—La bless you, sir! what's bacon? Why, bacon's bacon, to be sure; it's 'am! Didn't your grandmother say nothing about it when she teach'd you to suck eggs? Eggs and bacon always goes together. Perhaps you never tried to save your bacon?

LANDLORD.—John, don't make so free with the gentleman, you'll offend him. See that the fish is the freshest we have.

WAITER (*going out*).—What's bacon! well that bange all I ever 'ard! 'E's a prime un to be sure! [*Exit.*]

[*Landlord prepares the table, then goes out, and with pomp brings in a dish.*]

LANDLORD.—Here, sir, 's the finest fish ever caught;

we could hardly cook him, he jumped about so in the pan.

[*The Dandy takes a mouthful, and makes a very face.*]

DANDY.—Waiter, bring me some brandy directly. That fish does not suit my constitution. You may take it away; I have no appetite. Does this fish generally disagree with your customers?

WAITER.—We never 'ave none, sir; that is—that is, we never 'ave no fish dressed this way; it's only for gentlemen like you we take such uncommon pains.

[*The Landlord and Waiter clear the table and exeunt.*]

DANDY.—Waiter, come back. [*Re-enter Waiter.*] How can I amuse myself here? Is there a paper in the place? What is there likely to preserve one from suicide?

WAITER.—There 'll be last week's paper to be 'ad to-morrow, sir; there ain't no pond, and the bell-rope's broke.

[*Erit.*]

DANDY.—'Pon my honor, this place will kill me. I wish I hadn't those debts! then I need not have to come to this dismal hole. But that advertisement for a wife certainly was a bright thought; if it does no thing else, it will at least give me a new sensation. I wonder whether I said post-paid? I'm afraid not. Oh, here's the copy. [*He reads.*] "A gentleman, young, of considerable personal attractions, great talent, fascinating manners, and of unlimited expectations, wishes to secure to himself that happiness which it will be in the power of any young lady possessing a moderate waist, blue eyes (the advertiser's are hazel) and a fortune to bestow. Address, W. H. O." As I live, the important post-paid is omitted.

[*The Waiter brings in a dozen letters.*]

WAITER.—Post, sir; waits for two shillings, and what you please for 'isself.

DANDY.—I consider this in the light of a profitable investment. Pay the fellow.

[*Erit Waiter. Dandy opens and skims the letters; de-stroys them with an air of disgust. Re-enter Waiter with more letters.*]

WAITER.—Six more, sir, the postman overlooked at first; not one on 'em paid!

DANDY.—Don't dun me, it's obnoxious. Go, pay the demand. [*Erit Waiter.*] By Jove, this reads well! "Arethusa is possessed of a competency, which she will gladly exchange for the love to be found beaming in the eyes of W. H. O. Arethusa is imbued with sensitive delicacy, and therefore stipulates that in her first interview with her lover a female friend shall be present, and that her timid fears may find shelter behind a mask. Arethusa will be at W. H. O.'s door at seven o'clock precisely this evening, Tuesday." [*Dandy looks at his watch.*] Why, she'll be here in ten minutes; I'll go and render myself insinuating, it won't take long.

[*Erit.*]

SCENE THE SECOND.—AGE.

[*The Dandy on a sofa, well got up.*]

A knock is heard at the door, he rises and opens it, sees no one.

DANDY.—'Pon honor, a runaway. I'm surprised anybody should take such a liberty with me, the party must be bold.

[*A second knock is heard, followed by the entrance of two ladies, one masked and girlishly dressed, the other similarly dressed, but apparently old. The Dandy examines them through a glass.*]

ARETHUSA (the mask) (places her hand on her heart).—Be still, fond flutterer. Oh, sir! I feel so overpowered, so agitated. How giddy I must appear to you.

DANDY.—Compose yourself, I pray; I quite understand your feelings, my dear creature; it is not the

first time that I have inspired love at first sight; I can't say what it is, but there certainly is something in me. Allow me to ask who is your friend?

ARETHUSA.—Forgive me, dearest, but I thought I could not survive this interview without the supporting presence of a friend. Allow me to present you to Miss Lydia Lilac.

DANDY (bowing).—Madam, I feel extremely proud, and all that sort of thing; you'll excuse me, but conversation rather fatigues me.

LYDIA.—Pray, sir, make no epilogues to me, or I shall feel infused. I have a passion of my own, and, as the poet Burns says, "can weep for the heart that is my mother's." Arethusa, is it "my mother's," or "another's?" Well, sir, passing by the asylum of my friend, I dropped in quite permiscuously. Seeing her in a state of great *intrepidity*, I could not refuse her request that I should accompany her; but think of me as a statue. I shall not retrograde myself to listen to your outpourings of infection. [*She walks away.*]

DANDY (to Arethusa).—How, madam, can we converse before your ancient friend? In fact, I find her style of remark materially fatigues me. I am accustomed to a good deal of spoiling, so don't scruple to speak as you think of me. Your silence shows me how you feel!

ARETHUSA.—The young are ever timid. Wonder not that your Arethusa is so coy and shy. [*Touching her breast.*] Fond flutterer, be still! I have grown up with my own thoughts, my own freshness of heart, my own gushing tenderness, seeking, like the tender dove, a mate. Despising the world's forms, I vowed to please my wayward fancy, having my fortune quite at my own disposal.

DANDY.—Your allusions are becoming very interesting, dearest. Pray proceed.

ARETHUSA.—The style of your advertisement pleased me. I said to this little flutterer, "Heart, thy sovereign is found!" Your appearance confirms my resolve; I lay my being at your feet; I do it with pride, spurn it not!

DANDY (aside).—Wont be caught so soon; she may have only a life interest. Her voice seems cracked; I'll temporise. (Aloud.) Don't think I can take advantage of such confiding tenderness; no, let us become better acquainted with each other's attractions; let us imitate the vulgar merchant, and make our loving converse reducible to the vulgar topics—pounds, shillings, and pence! Unhappily, I am the vicum of a sordid uncle's will, whose fortune is to be mine, only on condition of my marrying one whose fortune equals my own. Imagine, dearest, the misery of an unselfish man, who is thus obliged to appear interested! (Aside.) Disgustingly wearisome, all this!"

LYDIA.—"To be or not to be," as Jeremy Bentham says in his "Pencilings by the Way." Sweet writer, I dote on his impositions, particularly his "Peter the Perjured; or, the Siamese Divided."

ARETHUSA.—Dear friend, alas, your question is premature!

LYDIA.—Well, I will retire within the latitude and longitude of my own recriminations, chewing the curds and whey of sweet and bitter pancies!

ARETHUSA.—To continue my history, I am an orphan; my own mistress at too early an age; dreadful responsibility; I'm such a giddy creature. I have in the funds an income which produces 250*l.* a year; but what is that to one whose tender heart vegetates in loneliness.

DANDY.—Dearest Arethusa, keep me no longer in torturing suspense—let me remove the envious mask

that robs me and the world of your beauty; but first give me the privilege of kissing your fair hand.

[He kisses her hand, she drops her mask, and discovers the face of an old woman.]

DANDY *(aside)*.—What an age!—she must be coeval with the mummies. *(Aloud)*. I am at a loss, divine creature, to express my rapture. Let us meet again to-morrow, at noon, when I will prove to you how I can love; now, emotion has made me—shall I confess it?—sick.

ARETHUSA.—Till then I'll think of thee; to my fond heart 'twill be an age.

LYDIA.—Dear Thusa, are your loves preposterous?

[Exeunt Aretbusa and Lydia, both with languishing airs.]

DANDY.—What a grampus—fitly matched with that old monster! Giddiness of youth, indeed! why she must have lived not one age, but seven. Oh, what a face for orange blossoms!

SCENE THE THIRD.—POSTAGE.

The Dandy looking dolefully at an empty purse.

DANDY.—Positively not one coin. Never did I feel so desperate. Poverty—common, vulgar poverty, threatens me. There is no escape but by offering myself up on the altar of antiquity, and Aretbusa. I'm reduced—still not quite so low as to work for my living—not quite so fallen as that. But for what a paltry sum am I selling myself—what shopkeepers (vulgar wretches!) would call an awful sacrifice. *[He looks in the glass.]* This figure, this face, this *tout ensemble*, going for the small sum of two hundred and fifty pounds a-year. That will be a sell, indeed!

Enter Waiter, with a bill.

WAITER.—For Postage, sir, postman waits. 'ope you'll remember 'im. Sir, 'ope you'll remember me too, sir: the least I could look for in a gentleman that wears such uncommon fashionable boots!

DANDY *(tearing his hand)*.—Go, I'm fatigued; to-morrow I shall settle all accounts. *[Exit Waiter.]* Well, the die is cast, no compulsion, but you must, as mothers and nurses say when they physic their children! Now for my dose, I must shut my eyes and swallow it!

A knock, he opens the door; enter Aretbusa and Lydia.

ARETHUSA.—Oh how sweet to meet again! Be hushed my timid flutterer! Pardon my anxiety to know the result of your researches! You neglected to tell me the sum stipulated for by your uncle's will.

DANDY.—It seems his soul was prophetic of the happiness that awaited me, just 250*l*.

ARETHUSA.—Blessed words! Are we then truly betrothed? This little trembling heart is overcharged with happiness!

LYDIA.—Sweet pair; you remind me of St. Vitus. No one knows the sums I've spent for years on each fourteenth of February. I now feel quite illuminated on the subject of love, and could write a foliage volume on the topic!

DANDY *(aside to Aretbusa)*.—Am I to be condemned for life to the presence of uneducated vulgarity, my love?

ARETHUSA.—Poor thing, she is an unprotected orphan like myself, love, and very rich; you couldn't ask me to renounce her friendship.

DANDY *(aside)*.—(By Jove, I wish I'd seen her first. Rich, is she? How unfortunate. Still, I may turn her to some account.) *(Aloud)*. Renounce her friendship! all sacred feelings forbid! Can't she, wont she live with us? contributing—a mere matter of form—towards expenses? say a couple of hundreds, Aretbusa?

ARETHUSA.—Dearest Lydia, say that you'll join our humble board, sharing our bread and water from the limpid spring!

LYDIA.—You have defied my secret wishes, to live with you, my beloved friend, in perpetual discord, has formed the base of my thoughts for months. My happiness is complicated, and I feel that my heart's emotions are so—so confounded, Ah! what a mint of postage I shall pay next Valentine's Day!

[The curtain falls.]

PHE-BE.

BY B. HATHAWAY.

Last morn, in still, delicious dose,
There came, or so it seemed to me
The voice, familiar, glad and free,
Of one I may no longer see.

As waking quickly, I arose,
And said—I will the door unclose,
Came answer from the porch—"Phe-be."

Sweet friend, and true of summers dead,
Spring's earliest herald, winged and fleet,
Thou art not whom I looked to greet,
And yet I give thee welcome meet,
Nor mourn the fairer vision fled,
Yet of these lesser joys is fed
The hope that waits a joy complete.

Thanks that my weaker care is chid,
So blithesome 'mid the sleet and snow,
I had not thought to greet thee so,
Before the April violets blow;
But good and ill alike are hid;
Our happiness comes all unbid,
And takes unchartered wings to go.

What compass guides thy airy guest,
Far over seas that storm and gloam?
What longings prompt thy wing to roam?
What yearnings to thy bosom come,
To seek the dear, familiar nest?
What heart is in that tiny breast,
So human in its love of home?

Soon shall thy lays, as oft of old,
Sweet lullabies in matron tongue,
To dewy morns be softly sung:
With fragrance-laden roses hung,
Thy old-time nest, now hushed and cold,
Shall new love's priceless treasures hold,
Be clamorous with thy callow young.

Oh, for thy free, unsorrowed wing,
To flee these wintry haunts of pain;
Alas! it were but journeying vain,
No summers from the spicy main
May to our fainting spirits bring
The breath of unforgotten spring,
Our broken households build again.

LITTLE PRAIRIE RONDE, MICHIGAN.

LET NATURE ALONE.

Let nature alone. My dears, don't torture your hair, your eyebrows, your lips. Don't dye your hair; don't paint or powder. Suppose your hair is straight, and you "doat" on curls, let it alone. Did you never stop to consider that the Hand which made you could not be improved? Look at the variety displayed in the features and expressions of your friends and acquaintances—of every individual you meet. Now, if you have never taken any lessons in sketching the

"human face divine," suppose we begin just here, with pen and ink.

There is a pair of straight eyebrows, and a rather pointed nose. The latter is too prominent, you think. Arch the brows, heighten the cheek-bones. Ah! have you made any improvement, even in fancy? Admit your friend's face really has a better expression than that. But there is a young man with lank, straight hair. Curl it. Eh?—somehow he looks "fixed up"—not as natural by half as he did ten minutes ago. Well, try your skill upon that face; the eyes are too small; enlarge them then. Are you satisfied with the effect? Confess that the effect is not good—that in short, the proportions of the face are now lost. The small eyes suited the rest of the features. Here, again try how this mouth would look were it a trifle smaller. Why, what a remarkable distortion you make with one small stroke—the lower portion of the face cannot be recognized, and its whole aspect is smirking, insignificant.

Throw away the pencil—look around you, study, think. All these odd, homely, and often seemingly disproportioned features, after all, cannot be improved. You really never viewed it in that light before. True, some of them have glaring defects; but you are powerless to improve them, unless you alter the whole character of the face. One moment; you criticize a landscape; I have heard you: don't deny it. The foreground was too glaring, and in spite of one prevented the eye from dwelling contentedly upon the cosy scene far in the distance; the clouds were daubs; so many blotches in the sky, which was entirely too dark; and the trees had no life in them. Well, there was some truth in your harsh criticism; but you remember how quiet, how rapt you stood before that charming little landscape of H——'s? Now, does it not occur to you that H—— has devoted all his time and attention to the study of Nature? How translucent his water! How warm and balmy his skies! You almost breathe the summer air in viewing one of his pictures. His hills slope naturally; his meadows swell and fall exactly as they rose and fell as you looked at the well-remembered meadow from the back door of the old homestead. Why? Because H—— has only reproduced nature. He never places the wrong tree at the edge of the stream, never makes two hills exactly, two streams exactly alike, nor two clouds. Now ask H—— why a girl with natural curls should let her hair alone, instead of endeavoring to comb it straight?—why one with straight hair should tie it up in a Grecian knot?—why even the most incontrovertible red hair should not be dyed black?—why the complexion is always suited to the hair—the hair to the complexion?

My friend Griddles dyed his whiskers and mustache. He really is a humorous, jolly fellow, and now he looks like a half and half Italian and Spaniard, with a decidedly bandit, "don't-you-joke-with-me-sir," look. (His hair was always light.) My really clever, gracious, accommodating friend Hester, imagines her nose is monstrous. In vain people say to each other and themselves, "Hester is a good-looking, agreeable girl—what makes her talk as if she were really disagreeably homely—why not let herself alone? Still Hester behaves as if Nature had been unkind to her in giving her too much nose. Now, I venture to say, if she had her choice, not one nose out of a thousand would exactly please her ladyship.

Maria has a healthy, anti-consumptive waist. How she laces and fumes! Her very nose shows her error, as that of the hard drinker at times. I have told her that her form was all that an artist could

desire to look upon, or a sensible man, with two ideas in his head, would want for a wife; her nose grows redder every day. Silly girl! she is a fair illustration of the Universalist doctrine. Matilda suffers from that most vulgar of all vulgar complaints (yet her shoes are "a mile" too large, recollect!) corns. And her feet are really pretty and neat. I have half a mind to get them all together, and call in H—— to read them a lecture. And then, by and by, they will come to the conclusion that there are very few ugly faces in the world—in fact, they will understand that the marks of passion, the meanness of the soul betrayed in the leering or lurking eye, are the really ugly things, which invariably leave ugly traces. Let them once be occupied with that thought—the idea of "improving" themselves will perhaps be forgotten.

L.

THE EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.

Translated from the French of Eveline Ribbecourt.

In a Christian point of view, Time, that domain of God, has been lent to us by Him in order that we may gain the kingdom of heaven. Therefore, from the commencement of Christianity, the employment of time has been strictly regulated by all those who have wished to live rightly before God; and idleness has never been the companion of holiness.

In merely a human point of view time is also all precious; it serves us in gaining fortune, in acquiring the talents and knowledge which we need in order to fulfil in all their extent the duties of the sphere in which we find ourselves placed; and never, we venture to say, will these duties be accomplished by one who knows not the value of time. Daughters, wives, mothers, whatever may be the good wishes which animate you, unless you are careful of time you will never be equal to your obligations. Days, weeks, months, years will pass away, you will only have fulfilled the least part of your duties, and all that will be left you will be tardy regrets.

Without wishing to tie our young readers strictly down to a plan of life, we would however advise them to make for themselves a rule which may guide them, and divide the hours of their day in such a manner that each of them may have its occupation or its recreation. Let prayer, study, reading, needlework, accomplishments have each their fixed hours. Have regular times, also, for walking and making visits. Let the hour of rising be invariable and as early as possible, and the day will be filled. And in the evening, on casting a glance at the picture of the past hours, you will not feel the insupportable regret, the painful uneasiness which idleness causes—idleness that sad scourge which is followed by ennui, and weariness of one's self.

Let us love order, for the sake of Him who has put so much order in His works; for our own sakes, since it will enable us to employ to the best advantage our term of life—that gift from above; and for the sake of others, since it will be the means of being useful to them, and of leaving a trace of our passage and a pleasant memory, when we will have ceased to live on earth.

JEANNIE.

OIL ITEMS.

We, as a nation, are universally conceded to be worshippers of the almighty dollar, and most tenaciously through all reverses and discouragements do we cling to the sordid deity, detecting him through all disguises, and ever hastening to render him hom-

age. In various forms he has, during the last twenty years, appeared among us, causing high carnival among his votaries, and now he comes again in state, and has assumed the creeping, insinuating form of oil. A correspondent from another city, writes:—

"Oil! greasy, gaseous, sickening, unctuous, odorous, and odious oil! It has crept in at all our doors, and become a household god at the fireside. All the wheels of human machinery, civil and domestic, have received petroleum lubrication, and the world never ran so smoothly before. Men are bland, harmonious, happy. All the ladies stand bewildered and amazed at the wonderful transformations, and the long rows of figures held up before their dazzled eyes by expectant stockholders.

"Politicians never were so insinuating over the dry goods before; our minister ascends the pulpit stair with light heart and springing step, and with new fervor points the road to happiness, since his quarter's salary has been paid in advance and safely invested in oil; hod-carriers, crouching on the sunny side of a brick wall at noontide, take their coarse and frugal luncheon with smiling faces, seasoned highly with hope and prospective oil, while the street boys, that ever ready mouthpiece of the populace, shout continually in our ears, with ever increasing vehemence, the vulgar melody of 'oil on the brain.' Amongst all classes and conditions of men the contagion has spread until a little probing in any direction will develop it."

If on the street corner you observe a tall, thin man, with a very sharp nose addressing a shorter one, the long forefinger of his right hand laid suggestively in the palm of his left, there you will find oil.

If passing two persons on the street you may accidentally hear mentioned any sum exceeding fifty thousand dollars, there you will find oil. If you see a fine new barouche, its occupants buried under five hundred dollar afghans, do not inquire too closely into the pedigree of the establishment, such research will end suddenly in oil. If in turning a corner rapidly, you bump against your family physician, oblivious of patients, practice, the world in general, and yourself in particular, you may be sure you have struck oil.

Your bosom friend attacks you, grasps your button hole, draws your head to his devoted breast, and into your ear pours—oil. You have a lover, and with eyes brimful of melting tenderness, your coquettish little curls laid over on the left shoulder, you look up into his face and ask him who is his "heart's delight," ten to one but he will answer abstractedly—oil. You are a housewife, and wishing to be very conciliatory with a demand for a new silk dress in prospect, you ask "husband" graciously what he would like for Sunday dinner. Do not be surprised and think yourself a fit subject for a lunatic asylum if he stares at you blankly for full five minutes, and then responds—oil.

A year since we discerned the incipient stages of this wonderful oil fever, though for some time wise heads wagged doubtfully when the subject was broached. Suddenly one or two penniless men awoke from their summer slumbers to find themselves millionaires, and thence the contagion spread. Now thousands are seeking the same good fortune, urged on to fearful risks in the hope of gaining immediate wealth. Many amusing incidents are related in connection with this sudden and unexpected accumulation of wealth. An anecdote has been related to us of a coarse, red-faced backwoodsman, who arrived at the "Continental" in your city. Being a rather doubtful looking individual, albeit he wore a fine suit of broad-

cloth, the clerk of the hotel demanded prepayment, stating that such was their custom when gentlemen brought no baggage with them. Petroleum evidently felt insulted. "Humph," said he, exhibiting with many flourishes a purse stuffed with greenbacks, and looking superciliously about and above him—"I guess I'll buy out the whole concern; what is it worth?"

Nor is the subject wanting in romance. Some years since a poor man residing near Oil City opened a small eating house for the accommodation of chance travellers. When oil was discovered in the vicinity his patronage became considerable, and he soon gathered together a little property of four or five thousand dollars. All this time his little family was growing up in ignorance, bending their energies to the sole idea of making money.

At length he was induced to venture all that he possessed in a new well about being opened. The enterprise did not seem to be successful. Long they bored for oil but none was found. It was considered an unfortunate undertaking, and the most sanguine despaired of ultimate success. As he tossed restlessly on his couch one night, the poor man thought with self-accusing conscience of his great folly—of the snug little business he had forfeited—of his children growing up in ignorance, and perhaps vice, when they might have been respectable and decently educated. The thought was maddening. His reflections drove him almost to the point of suicide. The next morning on arising information was brought him that oil had been reached, and his share was worth two hundred thousand dollars. Imagine his feelings. It is said that in some cases such sudden prosperity has caused insanity.

This all-pervading oil epidemic did not reach our little family circle for many months. Outside, we felt its influence everywhere, but our own fireside was not invaded. Such a state of things could not last always, however. One day at dinner we heard in a low undertone at the patriarch's end of the table, the significant words—"one hundred thousand dollars," "sixty-five shares;" "Mussinkum Creek;" "Ketchum Farm;" and we knew our time had come. So we submitted with the best grace possible, and now actually begin to enjoy the instalments which come to us three times daily. Oil is no longer confined to fish and salads. We take it with our codfish and potatoes at breakfast, with roast-beef at dinner, and our sweetmeats at tea-time. Do not be surprised to hear that kerosene is our favorite perfume, and naphtha an excellent hair dye. Yours, etc.,

B—.

P. S.—As I write the children in the back yard are acting a very neat little farce in mimic-life. They have sunk an oil well, which yields prodigiously. They are conveying crude supply to a refinery near by. Their conveyance is a small go-cart, fitted up with oyster-kegs.

A strange story is going the rounds in Paris concerning a certain Russian nobleman, who wore a very peculiar ring. It was of immense proportions, and seemingly composed of jet set in gold. A bold inquirer elicited from the owner the information that the black substance was nothing less than the mortal remains of a dead wife, reduced to this size and form by chemical processes. He had promised his beloved consort never to quit her as long as he should live. Such an instance of extraordinary devotion is rare in these days, and would almost of itself be sufficient to throw a shade of doubt over the story.

SCHOOLS FOR DOMESTICS.

What American housekeeper has not had her chapter of sore grievances in the stupidity, inexperience, carelessness, and inefficiency of the powers that preside over her culinary domain? How many wives and mothers have foregone all the freedom and sacredness, the privileges and comforts of a home, and settled down in one or two chambers in some boarding-house, to deliver themselves from the cares, vexations, and annoyances which the superintendence of domestics involved!

And yet, it seems a matter of surprise, not that our domestics are the thoughtless, inadequate, unthrifty servants which so many of them unquestionably prove, but that they are half as good as they are! Just think where they come from, and what their opportunities have been—of the squalor, and dirt, and wretchedness in which they have been raised. The wonder is that they turn out as well as they do, and where we condemn, we should often only pity and commiserate.

Take, for instance, some rare Celtic maiden, who brings to our shores her strong arms and stout health, to earn with them the bread and shelter she never found in her fair island home. She enters some kitchen, half of whose appliances are utterly novel to her; the names and uses of which she no more understands than she would those of the gods of some pagan temple.

She undertakes, with more or less suggestion and supervision from her mistress, to manage the various and complicated domestic machinery. It is a marvel that in such inexperienced hands it works at all, though it does manage to get on somehow with all sorts of friction, and loose screws, and derangements. Of course the coffee is muddy, the bread is sour, the beef is burned! In her circumstances, with her antecedents, would any of us get along with fewer blunders, ludicrous and vexatious, than this unfortunate Celt?

Then think at what a hard rate our Irish domestics obtain their knowledge of the simplest arts of cookery. Through all kinds of attempts, blunders, failures—with half a dozen mistresses to induct them into all the mysteries of cooking, and who have as many different methods of preparing the same food, none of which may be a good one, do these girls attain whatsoever skill they possess.

Is it a wonder that with such powers to preside over the food we eat, we are a generation of dyspeptics? And how much of our physical, mental, and moral well-being depends upon the preparation of our food, cannot be readily ascertained.

Good cooking is a knack, an art, which does not come altogether by cultivation, although anybody possessed of good common sense can prepare wholesome, nutritious, succulent viands.

Many housekeepers' cooking is merely traditional. They cook just as their mothers did before them, and would as soon think of improving upon these ancient rules and usages as they would upon the cardinal tenets of their theology.

Now your mother, dear reader, may have been a most excellent woman, and yet a very poor cook. She may have received her recipes from her mother, and these may have crossed the ocean with the Mayflower, and yet produce as their results heavy, unwholesome, tasteless compounds, with no palatable emphasis or savor about them.

Just try your own judgment and taste in the preparation of your food; and don't think that in cooking, any more than in anything else, the rule holds good,

that the ancient things are necessarily the best. But in this suggestion to the mistresses, I have wandered from the maids.

Would it not be a wise plan if a few schools, devoted to the teaching of cookery, could be established in our great cities. We have instruction for all sorts of knowledge, arts, handicrafts, ornamental branches, labors of every form—why not in this one, which is, in some sense, the very substratum of our home comfort?

If these Irish girls, when they first land on our shores, had some place where they could go, and serve a six months or year's apprenticeship, where, under competent teachers, they could learn how to broil a steak, or turn a chicken, or make a cup of coffee, would it not be of incalculable value to our homes?

Would not the instruction pay, if not immediately, still, in the long run, in comfortable meals, in freedom from anxiety, and from wear and tear of mind and body, and also in the saving of Doctors' bills, which dyspepsia always makes plethoric. Of course such an apprenticeship need not be a long one—need not include the achievement of every costly and dainty confection.

What is so sorely needed are cooks who can set plain, wholesome, palatable food on the tables of our homes—food, simple and nutritious, that shall build up sound, hearty, solid boys and girls, and without which they will very likely be puny, sickly, nervous children, and weak, unsound, hypochondriac men and women.

Dear reader, this is no light thing. To a large degree, the mistresses of American homes must depend upon the services of foreign domestics. It would be very nice if we all could do our own work, as most of our grandmothers did before us; but times, and habits, and forms of living are changed since their time.

It certainly sounds very delightful to be equally "at home in the kitchen or parlors;" but the way homes are conducted, and houses are built in this latter half of the nineteenth century, usually precludes in cities this primitive mode of living.

The lady who does her own work as it must now be done, has usually little time or strength left for mental or social improvement. The probabilities certainly are that she could more wisely expend her time than in an absorbing round of household duties, be a wiser and more agreeable companion for her husband, a more competent and truer mother to her children, by enriching her own intellect, and employing a portion of her thought and strength in other ways than in that household labor on which I would by no means throw the faintest shadow of contempt, but which a domestic can perform with equal dexterity and judgment, if only properly instructed therein.

The trials and lamentations of my countrywomen in their household relations have largely suggested the above. Are there not some grains of truth twinkling through them, oh, American housekeepers?

V. F. T.

A magistrate asked a prisoner if he were married. "No," replied the man. "Then," rejoined his worship, amidst peals of laughter, "it's a good thing for your wife."

A philosopher and a wit were crossing from Dover to Calais, when, a high swell rising, the philosopher seemed under great apprehension lest he should go to the bottom. "Why," observed the wit, "that will suit your genius to the letter; as for me, you know I am only for skimming the surface of things."

SCOTCH BALLAD.

Confide ye aye in Providence, for Providence is kind,
And bear ye a' life's changes wi' calm and tranquil
mind;

Though pressed and hemmed on every side, hae
faith, and ye'll win through,
For ilka blade o' grass keeps its ain drop o' dew.

Gin reft frae friends, or crossed in love, as whiles no
doubt ye've been,
Grief lies deep-hidden in your heart, or tears flow
from your e'en;

Believe it "for the best," and trow there's gude in
store for you,
For ilka blade o' grass keeps its ain drop o' dew.

In lang, lang days o' simmer, when the clear and
cloudless sky,

Refuses a wee drop o' rain to Nature parched and
dry;

The genial night wi' balmy breath, gars verdure
spring anew,

And ilka blade o' grass keeps its ain drop o' dew.

MY KITTENS.

BY MINNIE.

(See Engraving.)

Here they are, the little darlings, "Daisy" and
"Frisky," "Button" and "No-tail." I found them all
one morning in the clothes-basket. How pretty they
did look, the four little balls of dirty wool, as they lay
asleep by old Daisy. Mother said Sam should kill
them; but I said no, and so I took my old shawl and
some hay, and made them a nest out here in the
wood-shed. So no one knows where the little darlings
are but myself. What a time I had naming them!
There was one bigger than all the rest, so I thought
that must be the oldest, and I called her Daisy, after
her mother. There was one little round thing, that
rolled one way just as well as the other, and he was
"Button." The next one is smaller than all the rest,
but oh, so lively! Of course, that's Frisk; and a
merry time he makes of life, too. His mother don't
like him (I don't think mothers do like lively chil-
dren much), and she boxes his ears terribly some-
times when he bites her tail and jumps on her back.
I have had to take him away from her once or twice
already, and I do not see as he is at all improved by
the whippings he gets. I think it makes Frisk
angry to be punished, for he is not a bit mild or peni-
tent, but in a minute, looks just as saucy out of his
eyes as ever. But my little pet, that I love better than
all the rest, is No-tail. I gave him this funny name
because of an accident he received when he was
very young—in fact, before I knew him. He never
had any tail, and I'm sure he knows it, and I have
been very much afraid that the others plagued him
about it, he is so shy and timid. I punished Frisk
severely one day, because he got behind his little
brother and mocked him, by making believe he was
playing with something which was not there at all.
He is such a loving little fellow, though, and I want to
take him in the house and nurse him; but Sam would
get him, and Sam don't care for kittens, except as he
says, they are good things for him to practise on with
his new gun.

Now, here they all are, after their morning milk.
Daisy comes up demurely, lays her fore-paw in the
milk, and takes her breakfast as soberly as though
she was a grown-up old cat. Button doubles himself,
all up, because he is so fleshy, and his neck is so

short, that he can't hardly reach his nose into the
dish. Frisk always pushes in between the others,
making a disturbance, if it is possible. The other day
he pushed Button, who is so fat he could not save
himself, right on his back, into the middle of the
platter. Frisk got no breakfast that morning.

Dear little No-tail! he is so retiring, I have to bring
him up and put his nose in the dish, before he will
eat a mouthful. Then he eats so very little, that
sometimes I'm afraid he will not live to be very old.
I'm sure he is much too good for this wicked world.

There! I hear Sam whistling round the corner of
the house. He's coming in here to get an old piece
of carpet for the floor of his circus tent. Good-by!

Simply told, but very touching, is the following,
which we transfer to the "Home Circle" from "Autumn Holidays," by the "Country Parson."

BEATEN.

Do you know this peculiar feeling? I speak to men
in middle age.

To be bearing up as manfully as you can; putting a
good face on things; trying to persuade yourself that
you have done very fairly in life after all; and all of a
sudden to feel that merciful self-deception fail you,
and just to break down; to own how bitterly beaten
and disappointed you are, and what a sad and wretched
failure you have made of life!

There is no one in the world we all try so hard to
cheat and delude as ourself. How we hoodwink that
individual, and try to make him look at things through
rose-colored spectacles! Like the poor little girl in
Mr. Dickens's touching story, we *make believe very
much*. But sometimes we are not able to make be-
lieve. The illusion goes. The bare, unvarnished
truth forces itself upon us, and we see what miserable
little wretches we are; how poor and petty are our
ends in life, and what a dull, weary round it all is.
You remember the poor old half-pay officer, of whom
Charles Lamb tells us. He was not to be disillusioned.
He asked you to hand him the silver sugar-tongs in
so confident a tone, that though your eyes testified
that it was but a teaspoon, and that of Britannia metal,
a certain spell was cast over your mind. But rely
on it, though that half-starved veteran kept up in this
way before people, he would often break down when
he was alone. It would suddenly rush upon him
what a wretched old humbug he was.

Is it sometimes so with all of us? We are none of
us half-satisfied with ourselves. We know we are
poor creatures, though we try to persuade ourselves
that we are tolerably good. At least, if we have any
sense, this is so. Yet I greatly envied a man whom I
passed in the street yesterday; a stranger, a middle-
aged person. His nose was elevated in the air; he
had a supercilious demeanor, expressive of superi-
ority to his fellow-creatures, and contempt for them.
Perhaps he was a prince, and so entitled to look down
on ordinary folk. Perhaps he was a bagman. The
few princes I have ever seen had nothing of his up-
lifted aspect. But what a fine thing it would be to be
able always to delude yourself with the belief that you
are a great and important person; to be always quite
satisfied with yourself and your position. There are
people who, while repeating certain words in the
litany, feel as if it was a mere form, signifying no-
thing, to call themselves *miserable sinners*. There are
some who say these words sorrowfully from their
very heart, feeling that they express God's truth.
They know what weak, silly, sinful beings they are;
they know what a poor thing they have made of life,
with all their hard work, and all their planning and

scheming. In fact, they feel beaten, disappointed, down. The high hopes with which they started are blighted; were blighted long ago. They think, with a bitter laugh, of their early dreams of eminence, of success, of happiness; and sometimes, after holding up for awhile as well as they could, they feel they can do it no longer. Their heart fails them. They sit down and give up altogether. Great men and good men have done it. It is a comfort to many a poor fellow to think of Elijah, beaten and sick at heart, sitting down under a scrubby bush at evening far in the bare desert, and feeling there was no more left, and that he could bear no more. Thank God that the verse is in the Bible.

"But he himself went a day's journey into the wilderness, and came and sat down under a juniper-tree; and he requested for himself that he might die, and said, It is enough: now, O Lord, take away my life, for I am not better than my fathers."

I thought of Elijah in the wilderness the other night. I saw the great prophet again. For human nature is the same in a great prophet as in a poor little hungry boy.

At nine o'clock on Saturday evening, I heard pitiful, subdued sobs and crying outside. I know the kind of thing that means some one fairly beaten: not angry, not bitter; smashed. I opened the front door, and found a little boy, ten years old, sitting on the steps, crying. I asked him what was the matter. I see the thin, white, hungry, dirty little face. He would have slunk away, if he could: he plainly thought his case beyond all mending. But I brought him in, and set him on a chair in the lobby, and he told his story. He had a large bundle of sticks in a ragged sack, — firewood. At three o'clock that afternoon, he had come out to sell them. His mother was a poor washer-woman, in the most wretched part of the town; his father was killed a fortnight ago by falling from a scaffold. He had walked a long way through the streets: about three miles. He had tried all the afternoon to sell his sticks, but had sold only a half-penny worth. He was lame, poor little man, from a sore leg, but managed to carry his heavy load. But at last, going down some poor area stair in the dark, he fell down a whole flight of steps, and hurt his sore leg so that he could not walk, and also got a great cut on the forehead. He had got just the halfpenny for his poor mother; he had been going about with his burden for six hours, with nothing to eat. But he turned his face homewards, carrying his sticks, and struggled on about a quarter of a mile, and then he broke down. He could go no farther. In the dark, cold night, he sat down and cried. It was not the crying of one who hoped to attract attention; it was the crying of flat despair.

The first thing I did (which did not take a moment) was to thank God that my door-steps had been his juniper-tree. Then I remembered that the first thing God did when Elijah broke down was to give him something to eat. Yes, it is a great thing to keep up physical nature. And the little man had had no food since three o'clock till nine. So there came, brought by kind hands (not mine), several great slices of bread and butter (jam even was added), and a cup of warm tea. The spirit began to come a little into the child; and he thought he could manage to get home, if we would let him leave his sticks till Monday. We asked him what he would have got for his sticks if he had sold them all: ninepence. Under the circumstances, it appeared that a profit of a hundred per cent. was not exorbitant, so he received eighteen pence, which he stowed away somewhere in his rags,

and the sack went away, and returned with all the sticks emptied out. Finally, an old gray coat of rough tweed came, and was put upon the little boy, and carefully buttoned, forming a capital great coat. And forasmuch as his trousers were most unusually ragged, a pair of such appeared, and being wrapped up were placed in the sack along with a good deal of bread and butter. How the heart of the child had by this time revived! He thought he could go home nicely. And having very briefly asked the Father of the fatherless to care for him, I beheld him limp away in the dark. All this is supremely little to talk about. But it was quite a different thing to see. To look at the poor starved little face, and the dirty hand like a claw; to think of ten years old; to think of one's own children in their warm beds; to think what all this would have been to one's self as a little child. Oh, if I had a four-leaved shamrock, what a turn-over there should be in this world!

When the little man went away, I came back to my work. I took up my pen, and tried to write, but I could not. I thought I saw many human beings besides Elijah in the case of that child. I tried to enter into the feeling (it was only too easy) of that poor little thing in his utter despair. It was sad enough to carry about the heavy bundle hour after hour, and to sell only the halfpenny worth. But it was dreadful, after tumbling down the stair, to find he was not able to walk; and still to be struggling to carry back his load to his bare home, which was two miles distant from this spot. And at last to sit down in misery on the step in the dark night, stunned. He would have been quite happy if he had got ninepence, God help him. When I was a boy, I remember how a certain person who embittered my life in those days was wont to say, as though it summed up all the virtues, that such a person was a man who looked at both sides of a shilling before spending it. It is such a sight as the little boy on the step that makes one do the like, that helps one to understand the power there is in a shilling. But many human beings, who can give a shilling rather than take it, are as really beaten as the little boy. They too have got their bags filled with no matter what. Perhaps poetry, perhaps metaphysics, perhaps magazine articles, perhaps sermons. They thought they would find a market, and sell these at a great profit, but they found none. They have fallen down a stair, and broken their leg and bruised their head. And now, in a moral sense, they have sat down in the dark on a step, and, though not crying, are gazing about them blankly.

Perhaps you are one of them.

WASHINGTON'S BLESSING ON A CHILD.

During a celebration which occurred in New York City during the life of Washington, the General was present, and a Scotch nurse who had the care of a little boy was observed to eagerly lift him up that he might look upon the Father of his country. She was not satisfied with this, however, and the next day while out walking with the child, she saw the General in a store, and darting in she exclaimed, "Please, your Excellency, here's a bairn that's called after ye." Washington turned his benevolent face full upon the lad, smiled, laid his hand upon the boy's head and child; and he thought he could manage to get home, if we would let him leave his sticks till Monday. We asked him what he would have got for his sticks if he had sold them all: ninepence. Under the circumstances, it appeared that a profit of a hundred per cent. was not exorbitant, so he received eighteen pence, which he stowed away somewhere in his rags,

CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.

I send a little scrap for "The Home Circle." I one day overheard little Edna W.—repeating while at play that little well-known prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and, without knowing that she was deviating from the true version, rendered the second line thus:—"I pray the Lord the soldiers keep." We thought the substitution a very good one, so did not inform the little one of her mistake. H. E. B.

"Mother," said Johnny the other day—"Charlie ran against me, and almost knocked me sensible."

A little girl showed her cousin, about four years old, a star, saying—"That star you see up there is bigger than this world."

"No, it ain't."

"Yes, it is."

"Then why don't it keep the rain off?" replied he.

"Auntie, said our little Willie, 'I know what to do when we are tempted.'"

I replied—"Tell me, Willie; I may be tempted some day."

"Say—'Get thee behind me, Satan,'" was the answer I received.

Last winter I visited a cousin, whose little daughter of three years old was a great favorite with her numerous aunts and uncles, for each of whom she applied to herself some pet name; but, as her mother afterwards told me, would never call herself the same thing for any two of them. Among other things, she was her Aunt Sue's "little duck." I said to her—"Laura, will you not be my 'little duck,' too!"

She shook her head very gravely, and replied—"Oh, no, can't be only Aunt Sue's duck; went a little goose do you?"

A few minutes afterwards she was standing beside me, and leaning on my knee. I was engaged in knitting, and remarked to her that I had dropped a stitch. She instantly slipped down to the floor, and began to feel about on the carpet; then looking up at me with the utmost simplicity, she asked—"Where did it go to?" M. J. H.

ARITHMETIC OF CONSUMPTION.—Two thin shoes make one cold; two colds, one attack of bronchitis; two attacks of bronchitis, one coffin.

EPIGRAM FROM THE GERMAN.

'Tis better to sit in Freedom's hall
With a cold, damp floor, and a mouldering wall,
Than to bow the neck, or to bend the knee
In the proudest palace of Slavery!

CHARADES, ENIGMAS, &c.

I.

NAMES OF FLOWERS.

A country and a color.

An interjection and a man's name.

A constellation and part of the body.

II.

My 16, 6, 15, 12, is a covering for my 13, 8, 4, who use my 6, 14, 16, 9, 1, 4, sometimes, for my 13, 2, 11, 7, 5, 3. My whole is new and nice.

A. F. B.

III.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE,

FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN.

Write four nines in such a way that they will equal one hundred. M. J. H.

IV.

I threaten, dismiss, repent and confess,

I admire, encourage, deny;

I ridicule, flatter, abandon and bless,

I exalt, indicate and defy;

I silence, astonish, discourage, refuse,

I gladden recommend, or disdain;

I applaud or insult, reconcile or abuse,

Acquit, or condemn, or complain.

I promise, entreat, supplicate or demand,

I doubt, I express fear or shame;

I reckon, instruct, I regale, I command,

I unite, too, I injure, I tame.

V.

I am composed of 19 letters. My 6, 9, 7, 19, is a flower of which there are many varieties; my 3, 8, 11, is an article; my 4, 9, 5, 2, is a period of time; my 10, 13, 16, 19, is a kind of grain; my 6, 1, 17, 7, 17, 18, is the name of a river in the United States, and also a kind of fruit; my 14, 6, 1, 18, 3, is the name of a Union general; my 4, 9, 2, 7, 11, is a useful animal; my 12, 16, 7, 3, is a part of a ship; my 10, 13, 6, 3, 8, 15, is a woman's name; my 14, 2, 15, 7, 9, is a species of vegetation; my whole, if properly appreciated, emits a ray of sunshine, and exerts a salutary influence over whatever home it enters. M. E. P.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. What oration is delivered by a heathen to his idol? Adoration.

2. What fruit might a lady name in discarding a suitor? Man-go.

3. Why is England a greater naval power than Russia? Because she rules the waves, and Russia only the surf, (surf).

4. If a young lady were caught in a man-trap, what town would she resemble? Belfast, (Belle-fast).

5. What is the most remarkable sort of fancy work a lady can do? Knitting her brows.

6. What houses should be avoided by "quiet people?" Houses with railings around them.

7. Why must poets be very ill-provided with brains? Because their heads are filled with "ideal," which is four-fifths wood.

8. By naming what adjective do I assert that I engage in trade? I-deal.

9. When do you see what is invisible? When you see how you feel.

10. Why is a skeleton of a sermon an unnatural object? Because it has several heads!

11. When is a river like a rabid dog? When it foams at the mouth.

12. What tables may be easily swallowed? Vegetables.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., IN FEBRUARY NUMBER:—

1. Pennsylvania. 2. Slate. 3. Vallandigham. HISTORICAL GAMES:—1. Queen Elizabeth, attended by three knights, escaping from the Castle of Oxford. 2. Sir Walter Raleigh and his servant.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

BROWN BREAD.—I have an excellent receipt for Brown Bread, and having never seen it in print I will send it to the Home Magazine.

Two tescapful of buttermilk, two of sweet milk, one of molasses, one tablespoon of soda salt, thicken with half corn meal and half shorts, make it thick enough to drop from the spoon. Steam or bake three hours.

Mrs. D. W.

DESCAIDES.—Take the livers of chickens or any other poultry; stew them gently in a little good gravy, seasoned with a little onion, mushroom essence, pepper and salt. When tender remove the livers, place them on a pasteboard, and mince them; return them to the saucepan, and stir in the yolks of one or two eggs according to the quantity of liver, until the gravy becomes thick. Have a round of toast ready on a hot plate, and serve it on the toast. This is a very nice luncheon or supper-dish.

OSTER FRITTERS.—Have ready at hand a strong batter, consisting of flour, water, and three fresh eggs well beaten up with it. Take one dozen of oysters fresh from the tub they are in, open them over a clean basin, so as to save the briny juice that pertains to the fish. Add to them a salt-spoonful of cayenne, a whole nutmeg grated, and a little salt; throw them into the batter, stirring it well round, until they are fully intermixed with the latter. Be provided with a pan over a moderate fire, and fry the batter with the fish in it, in three distinct proportions, with a good share of sweet butter. When both sides of fritters present to the eye a rich brown complexion remove them, and serve them up with mashed potatoes, in hot plates.

TRANSPARENT SOAP.—Cut into thin shavings half a cake of Windsor soap, put it into a vial, half fill the bottle with spirits of wine, and place it near the fire until the soap is melted. This mixture put in a mould to cool, gives transparent soap.

USES OF THE POTATO.—In France the farina is largely

used for culinary purposes. The famed gravies, sauces, and soups of France are generally indebted for their excellence to that source, and its bread and pastry equally so; while a great deal of the so-called Cognac imported into England from France is the produce of the potato. Throughout Germany the same uses are common; and in Poland the manufacture of spirits from the potato is a most extensive trade. "Stettin brandy," well known in commerce, is largely imported into England, and is sent thence into many foreign possessions as the produce of the grape, and is placed on many an English table as the same; while the fair ladies of our country perfume themselves with the spirit of potato, under the designation of *Eau de Cologne*. But there are other uses to which this esculent is turned abroad. After extracting the farina, the pulp is manufactured into ornamental articles, such as picture-frames, snuff-boxes, and several descriptions of toys; and the water which runs from it in the process of manufacture is a most valuable scourer. For perfectly cleansing woollens, and such like articles, it is the housewives' panacea; and if the washerwoman happens to have chilblains she becomes perfectly cured by the operation.

ALLSPICE or pimento is the unripe fruit of a tree indigenous to the West India Islands and South America. In purchasing them for domestic use it should be remembered that the brighter and smaller they are the better, these being the more aromatic. It is singular that the smell of this spice resembles a mixture of others rather than one that is single and unmixed.

BACHELORS' BUTTONE.—These delicious little cakes are prepared by rubbing two ounces of butter into five ounces of flour; add five ounces of white sugar; beat an egg with half the sugar, then put it to the other ingredients. Add almond flavoring according to taste, roll them in the hand about the size of a large nut, sprinkle them with lump sugar, and place them on tins, with buttered paper. They should be lightly baked.

TOILETTE AND WORK TABLE.

There is just now very little excitement on the subject of fashions. The "season" of the winter is passed, "Lent" has commenced, and gayety is more or less set aside in consequence of the arrival of this period. Not all the world has donned the sackcloth and ashes, however, for the Parisian papers still speak of novelties in ball-dresses, of which trimming with rain-drops is the latest sensation.

"Rain-drops are the latest arrivals from Paris for the ornamentation of ball and other evening dresses. We have heard rain-drops pattering against window-panes, and their music (such as it is) imitated on the piano; but who, except the most ingenious of milliners, and one hard-up for a novelty, would ever dream of applying such mischievous things to

such cloud-like fabrics as tulle and tulle? Nature and its results were surely forgotten when such adornments were pressed into the trimming list, for would not rain, so destructive to all clothing except that made with water-proof cloth—play sad havoc with thin, flimsy materials? Imagine a white tulle dress after a shower of rain; the picture called up presents to the mind's eye the most dreary and dispiriting looking object which it is possible to conceive. Yet the artificial rain-drops are pronounced pretty and effective, and are considered one of the most appropriate enliveners to a ball-dress which has made its appearance this season.

They consist of small balls of glass, each of which is attached to a miniature gilt link; by this means

they are sewn to the dress. Sometimes the berthe is edged round with rain-drops; at other times, rain-drops are used for separating the puffings, which cover a tulle skirt. On evening head-dresses they are found extremely useful, and we hear that all the spring bonnets are to be decorated with them. We have been dew-dropped to death; every artificial flower and leaf for the last two years has been 'heavy with morning dew.' So universal has been the admiration for these glistening drops of water, that when blades of glass were required for looping up skirts, and were unprocurable tipped with dew-drops, milliners have been at their wit's-ends for some strong solution wherewith to make the heavy crystal drops adhere to the light, feathery herb. Such a solution, combining transparency with strength, and suitable to this particular purpose, has to our knowledge never been discovered; consequently, these rain-drops, with their tiny gilt links (so handy for sewing on),

have been introduced; so our readers must not be astonished in future to read that any particular ball-dress under description was trimmed with 'rain-drops.'

The spring bonnets will be very small, without crown or curtain, and variously ornamented. Already our milliners have received a great quantity of elegant Parisian flowers, and novel decorations.

For in-door morning wear, small loose jackets are very much worn. They are oftenest made of red or gray flannel, trimmed with braid or velvet and small hanging buttons. They are very pretty. The heavy cord and tassel is again coming into favor for trimming. It has been extensively used on ball-dresses during the past winter, and will be in favor for spring and summer ornament. These cords are made in white and brilliant-colored silks, and are sometimes worked with beads. Broad sashes and wide belts are very popular for demi-toilettes.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

IRVINGTON STORIES. New York: James O. Kane.

The author is Mrs. M. E. Dodge, a daughter of Professor Mapes, of Newark, New Jersey, a lady who succeeds in whatever department of the Fine Arts she undertakes, whether it be sculpture or literature. Her aim in this collection of tales has been to interest and improve youthful minds, without arousing the feeling so commonly excited by so-called juvenile books that they are dressed-up sermons; and this object has been carried out admirably. No boy in his early teens can read of the patriotic Captain George without having his enthusiasm aroused for the little hero, and the glorious cause for which he bled, and an ardent desire excited to emulate his zeal and courage. Tyrannical brothers, who claim too early the privilege of being lord and master over the gentler sex, will be conscience-stricken by the troubles of Tom Laffer, brought upon himself by abusing his sister's doll Cushamee; and purse-proud little maidens will be rebuked by the sentence passed upon Fleets and Gretchen at the Golden Gate.

Though each of the seven stories thus inculcates good lessons, the style of writing is so sprightly, and the interest in the heroes and heroines so well sustained, that no combativeness is stirred up in the youthful reader by the idea that he is being preached at. The initial tale of the book is a Christmas story called the "Hermit of the Hills," a very beautiful narration of the incidents brought about by the courageous excursion of a party of children in search of a fine Christmas tree, and the great change wrought by the loving perseverance of little Elsie upon the surly nature of a morose man who had secluded himself from the world. The whole closes appropriately with a Boys' Battle Song, a most inspiring lyric. The book is enriched by illustrations from the pencil of F. O. C. Darley, whose name alone is sufficient guarantee of their beauty and merit. "The Irvington Stories" in every respect form a charming and suitable present from parents and relatives to the youthful members of the community.

THE GYPSIES OF DAN'S DIKE. By George S. Phillips. (January Searle.) Boston: Ticknor & Co.

We have rarely met with such a medley of ideas as

is presented to the reader in this book. Fine essays on De Quincey and Herrick, learned disquisitions on opium, experiences among wild gypsies and Flamboro' fishermen, passion and sentiment, religious differences, and supernatural visions, meet in strange commingling. At the close of its perusal, we were quite prepared to agree with the hero of the curious tale, that the events narrated seem like the unreal 'phantasmagoria of a dream.'

ACTORIOGRAPHY OF A NEW ENGLAND FARM-HOUSE. By Chamberlain. New York: Carleton & Co.

This contains some capital scenes from New England life, pictured truthfully, as though the author had himself been eye-witness to them, and not over-drawn, as such representations are apt to be. It is on the whole an entertaining book, though as an interesting story it is greatly deficient in plot.

ENOCH ARDEN. (Pamphlet form.) By Alfred Tennyson. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

We are glad to see this little volume issued by these enterprising publishers in a cheap form, at a price which brings it within the means of everybody in our land. The paper is very fine, and the illustrations by Darley are a rare attraction. Price, 25 cts.

HOUSE AND HOME PAPERS. By Mrs. H. B. Stowe. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

This is a reprint in book form of the series of admirable articles under the same title which appeared monthly in the "Atlantic" of last year. For common sense and good advice, set forth in a very entertaining way, these articles cannot be surpassed. They treat of every day matters and household affairs, including "economy," "servants," "cookery," "house building," "home religion," etc.

THE BOY SLAVES; OR, Life in the Desert. By Captain Mayne Reid. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Another welcome volume from the boys' favorite author. The life-like adventures portrayed in these works never weary, varying ever in incident and interest.

MATTIE—A STRAY. By the author of "High Church," "No Church," "Owen." New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

A story of a foundling. This is No. 249 of Harper's excellent library of select novels.

SWEDENBORG AND HIS MISSION; or, A Sketch of the Character, Claims and Teachings of the Great Seer. By Rev. B. F. Barrett. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.* pp. 48.*

This little work contains a graphic sketch of the character and claims of one of the most remarkable men of the eighteenth century, and whose writings are beginning to attract the attention of some of our deepest thinkers. It also contains what many, no doubt, will be glad to meet with, a condensed statement of the distinguishing characteristics of Swedenborg's theological system, of which the author has for many years been a diligent student. We commend the work to such as may desire to look into the subjects upon which it treats.

UNDER THE BAK. From the French of M. Labé. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

THE PERPETUAL CURATE. By the author of "Chronicles of Carlingford." New York: *Harper & Bros.*

TWO MORE novels from the select series of Harper & Bros. The former, being of a politico-religious character, gained much notoriety in Europe, and may for that reason be quite extensively read here.

ARIZONA AND SONORA. By Mowty. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

Containing much valuable information concerning the mining localities in these territories, the nature and condition of the inhabitants of the same, with various other collateral matter, both instructive and entertaining.

ARCTIC RESEARCHES, AND LIFE AMONG THE ESQUIMAUX. By Charles Francis Hall. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

Personal experiences such as these cannot fail to possess much of interest. Since the time of the unfortunate expedition of Sir John Franklin, all information concerning the mysterious frozen region of the poles has been eagerly sought for by the public, and those who enjoyed the entertaining journal of the lamented Kane, will likewise appreciate the present volume from the pen of one who has himself seen and felt all of which he writes.

CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPEDIA. A Dictionary of Useful Knowledge for the People. Parts 86 and 87. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

The issue of the numbers of this important work goes steadily on, the last bringing us down to the word "Pentateuch." There has been no advance in price of the numbers, which are still furnished at twenty-five cents each.

EVERY LADY SHOULD HAVE IT! The Toilet Vade-Mecum, containing full and complete directions for manufacturing all the requisites of the Toilet, embracing perfumes for the handkerchief, pomatums, oils, depilatories, dyes and lotions for the hair; washes, powders and pastes for the teeth; creams, balms, rouges and beautifiers for the skin; scented waters and spirits; perfumed soaps, lip salves, odoriferous vinegars, sachets, &c., with an Appendix, containing the Toilet Monitor. By LAURA K. D'UNGER. Sent by mail to any address, on receipt of 60 cents. Address, BARRY PERCY, Philadelphia, Pa.

POEMS. By Bayard Taylor. Boston: *Ticknor & Co.*

With rare delight we have perused this rhythmical production of the traveller-poet, a work which for freshness and purity of thought is unsurpassed by any recent American publication. In the "Poet's Journal" with which the book opens, we catch glimpses of a real life that in earlier years has "loved and lost." With infinite sweetness the bard sings of "Mays where the heart expanded first," and of the child wife—

"Whose softly murmured name
The music of the month expressed."

But perhaps it is true that "the sweeter is the sadder song," and the plaintive notes of woe that follow bereavement, are more touching than the other revelations of this heart's journal—

"The thread I held has slipped from out my hand,
In this dark labyrinth without a clew,
Groping for guidance, stricken blind, I stand
A helpless child that knows not what to do."

To the struggle succeeds resignation, and in due time amongst many doubts, and tears, and prayers, another love comes to the sad heart whose worthy praises thus the poet speaks:—

"She is a woman, but of spirit brave
To bear the loss of girlhood's giddy dreams,
The regal mistress, not the yielding slave
Of her ideal, spurning that which seems
For that which is, and, as her fancies fall
Smiling; the truth of love outweighs them all.

"She looks through life and with a balance just,
Weighs men and things, beholding as they are
The lives of others; in the common dust
She finds the fragments of the ruined star;
Proud, with a pride all feminine and sweet,
No path can soil the whiteness of her feet.

"She is a woman, who, if love were guide
Would climb to power, or in obscure content
Sit down; accepting fate with changeless pride,
A reed in calm, in storm a staff unbent;
No pretty plaything, ignorant of life,
But man's true mother, and his equal, wife."

After these follow "Poems of the Orient," "Californian Ballads," and "Earlier Poems," many of which are extremely beautiful. Among these we find the "Song of the Camp," which was extensively published in the newspapers some time since; "Through Baltimore," which bears the roll of drums and beat of loyal hearts in its verse; while to all lovers of quaint simplicity we commend the "Quaker's Widow," than which there are few more charming pieces of English composition.

AMERICAN HISTORY. Vol. VI. Revolt of the Colonies. By Jacob Abbott. New York: *Sheldon & Co.*

WALTER'S TOUR IN THE EAST—WALTER IN CONSTANTINOPLE. By Daniel C. Eddy. New York: *Sheldon & Co.*

A new volume in each of the excellent juvenile series now being published by this enterprising house.

WALFWOOD. By the author of "Easy Nat," etc. Boston: *M. V. Spencer.*

A novel of considerable interest, consisting chiefly of scenes in Southern life, and developing new scenes in the horrors of slavery.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

"MARCH."

"I got along every February," said a young girl, with a little amused laugh, for her birthdays were not yet heavy enough to lie with any burden on her memory, and they seemed to smile and shine far up the future of her womanhood, as stars shine down through summer nights before the mists that are creeping up from the sea have blurred them out.

And so we, dear reader, have "got along" to another of our anniversaries, and I have no doubt that to many whose feet will mount up the staircase of this March, this last twelve months have been the saddest, hardest, dreariest of their lives. Perhaps there never, on the whole, passed over our heads a sadder summer than that last one of eighteen hundred and sixty-four. There was the long sickness of "hope deferred," respecting the war, which was dragging down the dark and bloody path of its fourth year. The thunder from the distant battle-fields, the sharp rattle of the musketry, the low moans of the wounded, the stark faces of the dying, haunted our visions by night and our thoughts by day; and then along the bright June weeks came creeping like an angel of destruction over all the land that long, terrible drouth.

How its blight, and rust, and death gathered slowly over the land in those fiery midsummer days! How the trees stood lifting up their green leaves, until it seemed that each one was a lip praying for the crystal draught, which no gray trough of cloud poured down to quench its thirst! What a weary time of waiting that was! How all signs failed in the "dry season!" How every little cloud at sunset seemed a sign of promise set in the skies! How each morning every gray fleecy of cloud seemed a token of the rain, until the fiery sunbeams drank it up, and our eyes ached with watchings in the east!

And still, like a slow mildew, the awful drought crept over the land—the young tender vines wilted and withered—the grass crisped and browned as though through its royal green ran untimely frosts—the flowers faded and faded; and still the rain waited. And then all over the land ran the shuddering terror of harvests that should fail in the midst of the war, and granaries that should stand silent and barren; and a little way off the grim spectre of famine seemed to lift up its head, and stalk more "terrible than an army with banners" through the land.

But at last the clouds gathered, and the rain fell. Ah, reader, I remember that Monday morning, when each plashing drop seemed a living testimony of God's care, and remembrance, and love; and how it seemed then that no matter what darkness and blight befell, one need never lose heart nor faith again. And so you and I, reader, coming up once more along the defiles of the months, and standing on the mountain top of this March, had best take our "outlook" on the side where our blessings, and not our losses and calamities, lie. As for the land and the nation, there is much to rejoice and give thanks over; so there is, doubtless, in the experience of all of us, in the difficulties from which we have been delivered, in the dangers we have escaped, reasons for gratitude and congratulation; and for the inevitable, it is wisest and best to leave that with God.

I was much impressed recently with a passage in Timothy Titcomb's "Lessons in Life," where the author describes the pang that overtook him one

"bright moonlight night in midwinter, when he went out to join his mates, boisterous with life in their usual games in the snow, and he had expected to share in their enjoyment. He had not played, or tried to play, five minutes, before he found out that there was nothing in the play for him, that he had absolutely exhausted play as the grand pursuit of life. Never since has the wild laugh of boyhood sounded so vacant and hollow as on that night."

I can imagine that the pang of that moment was sharp and bitter enough. It must be sad always to find our youth slipping away from us, even though we go to deeper, and richer, and nobler enjoyments and experience, as youth always should going to man and womanhood.

And so, since our last anniversary, there must have come varied changes to the homes for whose service this magazine has its being. Changes of all sorts, external and internal; changes, many of them, which have brought the "knowledge" that

"By suffering entereth."

Hopes and dreams, visions and purposes slipping out of our thoughts and lives, the things that once we loved and held dearest ceasing to charm us now, and the world in some sense not the same world that it was just one little year ago.

And in many households there have been visible and outward changes—marriages, and births, and deaths, the rejoicings and the weeping which follow close to each other in life, and make of its days, and weeks, and months the mosaic that they are.

Well, there are things that never fail—grand, blessed truths that abide faithful and shine brighter as the years go over us.

Dear reader, as all things should grow richer, stronger, as the years do, so does not our magazine grow better as the anniversaries gather over it? It will not, I think, suffer by comparison with what it was half a dozen years ago, or a little further beyond, when this pen wrote its maiden editorial. I hope that in some sense "the years—the ripe, mellow, luscious years"—have gotten into this too, and that the clusters you gather from its boughs have each year some finer and sweeter flavor.

And as I write, a new heart and hope seems to have taken possession of the nation. In the east, the light seems like the promise of the day. We all know how the signs have failed us; how the war that at the beginning seemed terrible enough if it should last nine months, has dragged through four years. But this may have been needed in order that we should lay broad and deep, for the centuries to come, the foundations of our new Peace, that no rust, nor rottenness, nor decay should enter into them, but that on their solid pillars of justice and righteousness should rest the vast, and fair, and glorious temple of our liberties.

And again March rises up, and pours over land and sea the wild, strong blasts from her trumpet. You shall hear in these, if you listen with a right heart, oh, my reader, the dear promise of the May, the sweet prophesy of the summer. Take heart for the things that lie before you may be better than those that are behind, and over it shines still, if you will trust them, the eternal love, and strength, and care.

V. F. T.

M. LOUISA CHITWOOD.

The two following poems, by the late M. Louisa Chitwood, have never before been published. It is more than ten years since this sweet singer of the West passed heavenward. She was much beloved by all who knew her, and there are very many who will have old pleasures revived in meeting these children of her fancy. We have a longer poem, which, like those, has not been published. Next month we will give it to our readers.

VALENTINE.

The fragrant, lowly asphodel,
To Phœbus lifts adoring eyes;
They linger like a holy spell
Upon the monarch of the skies;
But when he passes down the west,
And silvery stars begin to rise,
Soft beaming on fair Hesper's breast,
The lowly asphodel, it dies!
Would Phœbus, from his lofty throne,
Give homage to a lowly flower,
When, clad in bridal robes, the morn
Gives answering smiles from hour to hour?
Oh, no! and like the asphodel,
My loving heart is raised to thine;
'Twill die without an answering smile
Of love from thee, sweet Valentine!

IMMORTALITY.

Say, what is life? A dreary dream?
A dream whose ending is the grave?
Oh, must this warm, this loving heart,
Be plunged in Lethe's darkest wave?
And must these eyes be closed for aye?
This voice be hushed forevermore,
That breathed its strains in love's fond ear,
Like the sweet sea-shell on the shore?
Must soul and body part and die,
Never again to meet as one?
Like wreaths unclasped and cast away,
Soon as the festive dance is done?
Oh, no! my heart has one sweet string
That vibrates to a holier sound;
If, from the bosom of the spring,
Come flowers to dot the barren ground;
If, from the frozen earth, the bloom
Start up in fair and matchless hue,
Then, surely, from the silent tomb,
The soul will spring in beauty, too

WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

Still we receive cheering words from our friends, as the yearly subscriptions come in. One writer says, in a postscript to a business communication:—

"One word in regard to the Home Magazine. We cannot do without it, and nearly all who have ever taken it, say the same. There is no magazine that will take its place at the home circle."

Another says:—

"I do not wish to flatter, but I can truthfully say that I never read the Home Magazine without feeling that it does me good. I feel better and happier, purer and stronger, I am particularly pleased with your new department, 'The Home Circle.' If I thought I could add anything to its interest or attractiveness, I would knock for admittance. But there is one comfort, I can peep in and partake of, if I do not contribute to the pleasures and enjoyments of the 'Circle.' Long may your magazine continue to go forth on its high mission, blessing thousands of homes and hearts by its pure and elevating influences."

NINE INCONSIDERATE THINGS.—Nine nevers. Fruits healthful. Treatment of bites, burns, scalds, stings; Colds cured and avoided; Weak eyes; Travelling hints; Music healthful; Young old people; Dyspepsia; Drunkenness; Ice cure; Winter rules; Erect position; Walking; Eating; Drinking; Sleeplessness; Winter shoes; Corns cured; Growing beautiful; Consumption following ill-cured measles; Wearing flannel; Three essentials of health; Health without medicine; Cold feet; Baths and bathing; Scientific and practical treatise on catarrh, by Professor Daniels, &c. See January and February Nos. of *HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH*, No. 12 Union Square, New York, near Washington Monument. Single numbers 12 cts.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The HOME MAGAZINE for 1865 will be made still more worthy of the eminent favor with which it has been received. Its character as a HIGH-TONED PERIODICAL, claiming public favor on the ground of real merit, will be carefully maintained; while for variety, interest, usefulness, and all the attractions of literature and art essential to a true HOME MAGAZINE, the publishers will aim to make it SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.

A FINE STEEL ENGRAVING AND TWO PAGES OF MUSIC, will appear in every number, besides choice pictures, groups and characters, prevailing fashions, and a large variety of patterns for garments, embroidery, etc., etc. In all respects we shall give A FIRST-CLASS MAGAZINE, at a price within the reach of every intelligent family in the land.

YEARLY TERMS, IN ADVANCE.

1 copy, - - - - -	\$2.50
3 copies, - - - - -	6.00
5 copies, and one to getter-up of club, - - -	10.00
9 copies, " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	15.00

§1 A beautiful PREMIUM PLATE, entitled "THE INFANCY OF SHAKESPEARE," will be mailed to each person who sends us a club of subscribers. It will also be mailed to each single subscriber from whom we receive \$2.50.

§2 For \$4.50 we will send one copy each of *HOME MAGAZINE* and *GOREY'S LADY'S BOOK* for a year.

§3 We do not require all the subscribers in a club to be at the same post-office. Additions can at any time be made to clubs, at the club rates.

§4 Canada subscribers must add twelve cents on each subscription, for pre-payment of United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.

Additions to clubs can always be made at the club rates.

A Suggestion.—Each member of a club is at liberty to take the subscriptions of friends who may desire the Home Magazine at the club rate. The money can be handed to the person who made up the club, or mailed directly to us.

If each subscriber would act on this suggestion, and almost every one has opportunity to do so in meeting with friends and neighbors, our circulation might be largely increased. Think of it, friends of the Home Magazine! and serve us when you have opportunity.